

THE  
WORKS  
OF  
*DAVID MALLET* Esq;  
IN THREE VOLUMES.

A NEW EDITION corrected.

VOL. II.



L O N D O N :

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THE  
HISTORY OF  
DAVID HARRIS

A NEW EDITION

BY  
H. W. L.



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1844



E U R Y D I C E.

A

T R A G E D Y.

INSCRIBED TO

JAMES DUKE OF MONTROSE;

# E U R Y D I C E.

ACTED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL,

IN DRURY-LANE.

## The PERSONS represented.

|                                                                                            |                    |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------|
| EURYDICE, Queen of <i>Corinth</i> .                                                        | Mrs. Porter.       |
| MELISSA, her Confidante.                                                                   | Mrs. Butler.       |
| LEONIDAS, a Nobleman, secretly<br>in the Queen's interest.                                 | } Mr. Bridgewater. |
| PROCLES, Tyrant of <i>Epidaurus</i> ,<br>in possession of the Crown of<br><i>Corinth</i> . | } Mr. Marshall.    |
| MEDON, his Favourite.                                                                      | Mr. W. Mills.      |
| PERIANDER, King of <i>Corinth</i> .                                                        | Mr. Mills.         |
| POLYDORE, his Son.                                                                         | Mr. Hallam.        |
| ARISTON.                                                                                   | Mr. Corey.         |

*Officers, Guards, Attendants.*

The SCENE, *Corinth*.

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# P R O L O G U E.

Written by A A R O N H I L L, Esq;

Spoken by Mr. W I L K S.

**I**N youth, when modesty and merit meet,  
How rare the union ! and the force how sweet !

Tho at small praise our humble author aims,  
His friend may give him, what his blush disclaims.

Ladies !—to you he makes his chief address ;  
Form'd, to be pray'd to, and even born to bless !  
He feels your power, himself, and makes it felt ;  
His scenes will teach the stubborn heart to melt :  
And each fair eye, that now shines softly here,  
Anon shall shine, still softer, thro a tear.

Let not constraint your generous sighs repress,  
Nor veil compassion, nor repel distress.  
Your sexe's strength is in such weakness found :  
And sighs and tears but help your charms to wound.

Of all the wonders taught us by the fair,  
'Tis strangest, Tragedy should lose their care !  
Where Love, soft tyrant ! in full glory reigns ;  
And sovereign Beauty holds the world in chains.

*Less polish'd, and more bold, the Comic Muse  
Unkings your Cupid, or obstructs his views;  
Upholds presuming wit's familiar claim,  
And blots out awe from Love's diminish'd flame;  
Finds, or makes faults, and sets them strong in sight,  
And dares draw WOMAN false, or vain, or light.  
While Tragedy—your servant, try'd, and true,  
Still to your Fame devoted, and to YOU!  
Enslav'd to Love, subdu'd ambition brings,  
Firms Beauty's power, and crowns it king of kings.  
Let wish'd attention grace our scene to-night;  
And mourn'd afflictions move refin'd delight.  
Each tender light of life we recommend;  
Wife, husband, subject, parent, son, and friend!  
All! your impassion'd interests shall engage:  
And fear shall shake, and pity melt the stage!*



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# E U R Y D I C E.

## A T R A G E D Y.

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### A C T I. S C E N E I.

E U R Y D I C E, M E L I S S A.

E U R Y D I C E.

**Y**E heavenly powers! what means this dreadful  
This war of sea and sky? [storm &

M E L I S S A.

Dreadful indeed!

E U R Y D I C E.

Hear, from the wintry north how keen it howls,  
Thro these lone towers, that rock with every blast,  
Each moment threatning ruin on our heads.  
But see—stand here and cast thine eyes below  
O'er the broad ocean to the distant sky,

See what confusion fills the raving deep !  
 What mountain-billows rise ! 'Tis terrible ;  
 And suiting to the horrors of my fate,  
 The dark despair that desolates my soul.

MELISSA.

Ha ! Madam, look, due west where yonder rocks  
 O'erhang the beating tides, O sight of woe !  
 Four goodly ships, before th' impetuous blast,  
 Drive wild across the waves.

EURYDICE.

Assist them, heaven !

The storm is high, and the flood perilous.  
 Lo, now they climb a fearful steep, and hang  
 On the big surge that mixes with the clouds.  
 It bursts, behold ! and headlong down they reel  
 Into the yawning gulph. They cannot scape :  
 A sea rowls o'er the foremost.

MELISSA.

Ah ! she strikes

Against that wave-worn cliff. Where is she now ?  
 Hid in the dark abyss, with all her crew !  
 All lost for ever !

EURYDICE.

Turn we from the sight,  
 Too cruel for a woman's eye to bear.

Ill-fated men! perhaps, at this sad moment,  
In some far-distant land, a faithful wife,  
A pious parent, with uplifted hands,  
Are offering vows to heaven for their return.  
Alas! they meet no more.—Severely taught  
By my own ills, I feel for all th' unhappy;  
Yet envy all, who are at rest for ever!  
While I, Melissa——

MELISSA.

Ah! my Royal Mistress,  
Eurydice, think rather the kind gods  
Would teach you, by this sight of mournful ruin,  
Patience and gentler thought. When others too  
Are miserable, not to know the worst  
Is some degree of bliss.

EURYDICE.

Melissa, no.

The face of instant death were less alarming  
Than such a life as mine; for thou hast known me,  
Rich in a son and glorious in a husband,  
The gaze of envying Greece: thou seest me now  
Cast down to lowest infamy, the slave,  
The sport of earth's worst tyrant; who betray'd me!  
Who would destroy my fairest fame—Just heaven!  
And shall this bold offender, who has broke

B 4

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8 E U R Y D I C E.

All bonds of holy faith, yet bids his soul  
Rejoyce and take her ease, shall he long triumph  
Here in the throne of Corinth? while it's lord  
The great unhappy Periander roams  
A nameless fugitive!

MELISSA.

Madam, behold —

What may this mean? — the tyrant's minion comes.

S C E N E II.

EURYDICE, MELISSA, MEDON.

MEDON.

Hail, beauteous queen. By me, the royal Procles  
With lowly service bends him to your charms:  
Bids smiling health, and gentle peace of mind,  
Light up your morn, and make your evening fair.  
This, with the tenderest vows—

EURYDICE.

Canst thou inform me  
Of those unhappy men, whom I but now  
Saw perish on this coast?

MEDON.

Not who they are;  
But what their fate, these eyes with dread beheld.

The

The king too, from the morning's chace return'd,  
At this sad sight spur'd on, with all his train,  
To save, if possible, whom the wild sea  
Casts forth upon the land. But first, his love;  
That counts each moment's absence from your eyes  
An age of lingering torment, bade me fly  
With health and greeting to the matchless fair,  
Who holds his soul enslav'd.

EURYDICE.

Then, bear him back,  
From her whom he has wrong'd, insulted, ruin'd,  
Horror and loathing! unrelenting scorn!  
And all a woman's hate! in due return  
For his detested love. The tyrant-coward!  
To crush the fallen and helpless! to embitter  
The pangs, the miseries, himself has caus'd  
With gall of mockery!

MEDON.

And yet, perhaps,  
Such services as his deserve returns  
Of kinder meaning, and more gracious accent.  
May I presume to place before your eyes,  
In faithful prospect, that impending ruin  
He sav'd you from? See, then, your absent Lord!



Involv'd abroad in unsuccessful war,  
 With troops averse and mutinous ! See too,  
 From them diffus'd and with contagious swiftness  
 Spred thro your capital, the same deep taint  
 Of factious rage ! Behold your subjects, deaf  
 To duty's voice and mix'd in one wide guilt,  
 Arise, attack, insult you, in this fort !  
 Say, where was then your hope, when meagre famine  
 Join'd his devouring ravage ? When your eyes  
 Saw daily, hourly perish those poor Few,  
 Whose faith had kept them yours ?

EURYDICE.

O would to heaven

I then had perish'd too !

MEDON.

Such was your state,  
 Lost even to hope, when generous Procles flew  
 Impatient to your aid ; dispers'd, and quell'd  
 The general treason. May I dare to urge  
 These services ? But what are these ? His throne,  
 His heart is yours : he lays them at your feet :  
 He bids you reign in both.

EURYDICE.

Thou base of heart !  
 To slaves like thee, who flatter and inflame

Their prince's crimes, are owing half the plagues  
That curse mankind. Has not thy faithless lord,  
Whose guilt this shameful praise of thine brings home  
On thy own soul, usurp'd the very crown  
He swore to save? And I too—thy bold insult  
Shews I indeed am wretched.—But more talk,  
Indulg'd with thee, would stain me with thy vileness;  
Would prove that wretched fate, not undeserv'd.  
Away!

## S C E N E III.

EURYDICE, MELISSA.

EURYDICE.

These specious sycophants! these smooth  
And supple ministers of vice! They lead  
Their sovereigns on from crime to crime, and rise  
In flattery, as the tyrant grows in guilt!

MELISSA.

My heart forebodes some fatal consequence  
Will spring from this.

EURYDICE.

Here let it fall, Melissa:  
I merit all that fortune can inflict,  
For trusting this betrayer, this curst Procles.

B 6

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MELISSA.

Alas ! no other choice remain'd—

EURYDICE.

Yes—death !

I should have dy'd : he was the foe of Corinth.

MELISSA.

Yet his fair-seeming might have won belief  
From cautious doubt, or cool-considering age.  
By frequent, urgent message he conjur'd you  
To save yourself. With open honor own'd  
His antient enmity ; but by each power,  
Celestial and infernal, swore 'twas past :  
Nay, more ; that as a king, and as a man,  
Just indignation at your rebel-subjects,  
And pity of your fate, had touch'd his heart.  
All this he swore.

EURYDICE.

But fame had truly spoke him,  
Perfidious and aspiring. No : the weak,  
The coward-woman in my soul betray'd me !  
For this, my days, my nights are ever haunted  
With fiend-like forms of horror and remorse !  
Still conscience holds her cruel mirror up,  
That to myself reflects me, as I am,

Unequal

# EURYDICE.

23

Unequal to the post where honor plac'd me !  
More light of faith than infancy or dotage !  
For this, my suffering ear is daily wounded  
With vows of impious love !

MELISSA.

That way, indeed,

I dread to turn my view. A soul so brutal,  
Inflam'd with nightly insolence and wine—  
What may he not attempt ?

EURYDICE.

A thousand deaths

Are in that thought—to know myself his slave !  
Beneath one roof with him ! and yet compell'd  
To suffer hated life—for can I die,  
Unheard, unjustified ? while Periander,  
Himself of jealous honor, and from her,  
He deign'd to love, expecting just returns.  
Of equal faith unblam'd ; while such a husband,  
Thro doubts misguiding mists, beholds me still,  
Wicked, not weak ? deceiving, not betray'd ?

MELISSA.

How nicely fearful is true love ? Not all  
Chaste Dian's cold severity of honor  
Surpasses yours : yet still——

EURY.



EURYDICE.

Peace. Who comes yonder?

Leonidas! 'Tis he. With slow sad step  
 He bends this way: and on his cheek sits pale  
 Some pensive thought. Ah! whence these dark fore-  
 That shiver thro my frame? [bodings,

## S C E N E IV.

EURYDICE, MELISSA, LEONIDAS.

LEONIDAS.

Oh queen! forgive me,  
 If I appear before you, to impart  
 A mournful message: but, by Procles' order—

EURYDICE.

Whate'er proceeds from him, Leonidas,  
 To me must needs be fatal. But say on.  
 With all it's terrors arm'd, death is less dreadful,  
 Than being in his power.

LEONIDAS.

Unhappy princess!  
 Your fate might melt the hardest breast, and teach  
 Even cruelty's remorseless eye to weep!  
 How shall I speak the rest?

EURYDICE.



EURYDICE.

Leonidas !

What is this fearful tale, too sad for utterance ?  
Alas ! why dost thou weep ? why turn thine eye  
Severe on heaven ?

LEONIDAS.

O my torn heart !—This storm,  
This fatal tempest —

EURYDICE.

Ha ! what ships were those—  
Say, speak—that sunk but now before our eyes,  
In fight of shore ?

LEONIDAS.

The very fleet design'd  
For your relief ; to free repenting Corinth  
From this betrayer, this detested Procles.  
The king was there embark'd !

EURYDICE.

Then all is lost !

MELISSA.

She faints !

LEONIDAS.

My soul's in tears to see her thus !  
How is it, Lady ? Oh were this short pause  
From thought and pain, the last eternal sleep,  
She then were blest—But soft—she breathes again:

EURYDICE.

EURYDICE.

O Periander ! my much injur'd lord !  
 Would I had dy'd for thee—Ah ! gentle maid,  
 Was it then he, my husband, whom these eyes  
 Saw perish in the storm ! whose fate I wept,  
 Nor knew that all the cruel wreck was mine !

MELISSA.

Unhappy day !

EURYDICE.

Undone Eurydice !

But I will die—I should have dy'd before  
 When my mean cowardice, my dread of death,  
 Betray'd me to false Procles. I had then  
 Dy'd innocent : I had not then deserv'd  
 A ruin'd husband's curse.—O thought of horror !  
 Perhaps his latest breath, even in the hour  
 Of awful fate, charg'd me with all his wrongs,  
 His life and honor lost ! perhaps expir'd  
 In imprecations on me !

MELISSA.

Oh, for pity,

Cease these distracting thoughts. They but inflame  
 The rage of real ills, and wound you deeper.

LEONIDAS.

LEONIDAS.

Would tears, my gracious mistress, aught avail us,  
Methinks these aged eyes could number drops  
With falling clouds, or the perpetual stream.  
But while we mourn, our enemy rejoices,  
And sounds his cruel triumph loud to heaven.  
If I have bow'd me to his impious will,  
Tho with that strong reluctance, Nature feels  
At what she holds most mortal and abhorr'd ;  
It was with view to turn, as reason warrants,  
Against the traitor his own treacherous arts,  
And ruin him, with safety to my sovereign.  
This may be done. Sad Corinth looks with horror  
On her late guilt : she feels it punish'd too,  
By double weight of chains from that hard hand  
Which scourges her each hour with whips of scorpions.  
She waits but some wish'd chance, at once to rise,  
And drive him from her throne.

MELISSA.

These trumpets speak

His near approach.

EURYDICE.

Oh fire of gods and men !

Eternal justice ! hear these guilty sounds !

Behold

Behold this tyrant's revel ! while a king,  
 Thy great resemblance, floats a cold pale corse ;  
 Or on the naked beach cast vilely out,  
 Unknown, unhonor'd lies. Leonidas,  
 By all my griefs I beg thee, search these shores,  
 Each cliff and cavern where the wild wave beats,  
 For my lov'd lord, and to these widow'd arms  
 Give back his dear remains.

LEONIDAS.

See, Procles comes.

## S C E N E V.

PROCLES, MEDON, LEONIDAS, Attendants.

PROCLES.

Hail glorious day ! auspicious fortune hail !  
 From this triumphant hour my future life  
 Runs fair and smiling on. The bold attempt,  
 Laid dark and deep by my most dreaded foe,  
 Is perish'd with it's author. From on high  
 Heaven arm'd his winds and seas to fight my battle :  
 And victory is mine without my care,  
 Almost without my knowledge. Yes, the gods,  
 The gods themselves espouse my happy cause !

For



For this, let flowery garlands wreathe their shrines ;  
Let hecatombs before their altars bleed,  
And triumph reign thro Corinth.

*Attendants withdraw.*

Is the queen

Inform'd of all, Leonidas ?

LEONIDAS.

She is.

PROCLES.

And she receiv'd the news——

LEONIDAS.

With sad surprise,

And many tears, my lord.

PROCLES.

Just the fond sex :

Such their vain grief ; a moment's passing storm,  
And all is calm. Be it thy farther care,  
As the receding flood forsakes our shore,  
To make strict search thro all this coast around  
For Periander's corpse. I would, methinks,  
A while indulge my eyes ; a while peruse  
The features of a rival once so fam'd,  
So terrible in arms ; whose partial fortune  
Soar'd high above, and ever thwarted mine

In

In all the dearer aims that swell my thought,  
Love and ambition.

LEONIDAS.

Mark this, righteous heaven!

## SCENE VI.

PROCLES, MEDON.

MEDON.

At length, fir, all the gods espouse your cause :  
And fortune is your own. Your native realm,  
Fair Epidaurus, peaceful and resign'd,  
Acknowledges her lord. A rival's fate  
Confirms his kingdom yours.

PROCLES.

Yet I am still

Unblest amid this flow of prosperous fortune.  
Not all that charms ambition's shoreless wish,  
Empire and kneeling homage, can bestow  
The better joy I long for.

MEDON.

Ah, my prince,

Forget, or scorn that proud ill-natur'd fair one.

PROCLES:

PROCLES.

Impossible. By heaven my soul can form  
No wish, no thought but her. I tell thee, Medon,  
With blushes tell thee, this proud charmer reigns  
Unbounded o'er my reason. I have try'd  
Each shape, each art of varied love to win her;  
Alternate prayers and threats, the soothing skill  
Of passionate sincerity, the fire  
Of rapturous vows: but all these arts were vain.  
And 'twas my soul's first aim, the towering point  
Of all my wishes, to prevail in this;  
To triumph o'er my rival too in love.  
That had been great revenge!

MEDON.

Believe me, Sir,  
When once the fit of wilfulness is o'er,  
The female vanity of tears discharg'd,  
She meets your wishes, and forgets a husband  
Who is no more.

PROCLES.

Perdition on his name!  
I dread his memory as my rival still.  
But if I have not won her to be mine,  
At least that hated husband reap'd no joy  
From her fantastic honor. Stung to madness

For

For ill-requited love, I darkly spread  
Surmizes of her truth. He thought her false :  
And, as he doated on her, the dire tale  
Was poison to his quiet. Jealousy,  
In all its horrors, must have seiz'd his soul.  
I triumph'd there !

MEDON.

'Twas exquisite revenge.

I too, my Lord, who live but for your pleasure,  
Your ever-faithful slave, I too combin'd  
To aid your vengeance. You can still remember  
When in a dungeon's depth Arifton lay,  
Arifton, Periander's factious friend.  
With looks of seeming pity I oft mourn'd  
His hard imprisonment, complain'd of you,  
Nay, curs'd your cruelty ; till I had brought  
His unsuspecting honesty to credit  
My fiction of the Queen. I told him then,  
With well-dissembled hatred of her crime,  
Invenoming each circumstance, that she,  
Forgetful of her better fame, had heard  
Your secret passion, and with equal ardor  
Return'd its warmth. Nay, that she often urg'd you  
To wreak your rage on him, the hated friend  
Of her loath'd husband. Having thus alarm'd him,

After



After long pause I let him scape at last  
To find his master out.

PROCLES.

I thank thee, Medon.

But this avails not much. My soul burns in me  
With furious longings to subdue that woman ;  
To bend her pride of virtue to my passion.  
I fancy, in her arms, transcendent joys,  
A heaven of higher bliss, not to be found  
In unresisting Beauty, woo'd and won  
At idle leisure. Yet, one trial more :  
Then, if I am repuls'd, away at once  
All little arts of love.

MEDON.

Mean while, the banquet,  
Which Pleasure's curious hand hath furnish'd out  
With splendid choice, awaits you, and invites  
To laughing thought and triumph. There the god,  
The jocund god of wine, with rose-buds crown'd,  
Mirth in his look, and at his side the band  
Of little playful Loves, fills high the bowl,  
And bids it flow unbounded. Music too  
Joins her enchanting voice, and woos the soul  
With all her magic skill of moving strains :

Till

Till the soft hour is melted into bliss,  
Beyond the power of fancy, when her dream  
Is youth and beauty, kind above restraint!

PROCLES.

Come on, then, Medon. Life is vainly short;  
A span, a passing shadow: and when death  
Has quench'd this finer flame that moves the heart,  
Beyond is all oblivion, and waste night  
That sees no following dawn. Since then our fate  
No future knows, the present shall be ours!  
And now, while, in her train, ascending Night  
Leads on the revel-hour of free delight;  
Gay, wild, without controul, in wanton state,  
Let Music, Mirth, and Love, around us wait!

*The End of the First Act.*

## A C T II. S C E N E I.

*The scene, part of a rocky coast, at the bottom of the fortrefs, terminated by a view of the ocean.*

LEONIDAS, alone.

**T**HIS way, a distant sound alarm'd mine ear!  
Broken it seem'd to be, the voice of mourning  
And deep distress: but all around is still,  
Save, from these rocks, the hoarse remurmuring deep.

Thou silent moon! and all ye powers unnam'd,  
Whose reign extends o'er solitary night!  
Now guide my steps, to where the pale remains  
Of my lov'd master ly; that weeping duty  
May pay the last sad rite—Ha! what art thou?  
A man? or fear-form'd Shadow of the night?

## S C E N E II.

LEONIDAS, PERIANDER, *at the mouth of a cavern.*

PERIANDER.

Leonidas!

LEONIDAS, *with amazement.*

The same! but speak again.

PERIANDER.

Leonidas!

LEONIDAS.

Ah! can it be, ye powers!

My Royal Lord——

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PERIANDER.

A wretch that has no name!

LEONIDAS.

Oh all ye gods! may I believe my senses!

'Tis he, my prince!—Just heaven, to thee I kneel,

And thus adore thy great directing hand!

'Tis most amazing!

PERIANDER.

Rise, Leonidas:

I am beneath thy care. Thou seest me here,

Sav'd from the deep to be more lost on shore.

LEONIDAS.

My king and master, tho my heart bleeds in me

With all your mighty ills, I must again

Bless that good heaven whose providence has sav'd you.

'Tis strange! 'tis wonderful all! But how, oh how

Have you escap'd the tyrant's jealous search?

His posted guards explor'd with strict survey,

Till close of eve, each cliff and cave around.

PERIANDER.

Hear then the mournful tale. My little fleet

Now fail'd in sight of Corinth, when at once

Broad darkness hid the noon-day-sun; at once,

With tempest on his wing, the north-wind rose,

Upheav'd the deeps, and hurl'd them surge on surge



In mountains to the shore ! A storm so fierce,  
 So big with ruin, baffled our best skill.  
 Despair struck every heart. The ship ran round  
 In giddy whirls, and bulg'd on some hid rock.  
 O dismal moment ! still methinks I hear  
 The general, dying scream of multitudes  
 Just drowning in th' abyfs. How poor a thing  
 Is a king then, Leonidas ! — I grasp'd  
 A floating wreck, the rude sea roaring round me,  
 And bursting o'er my head ; but, bury'd deep  
 Beneath the whelming tide, at once I lost  
 The light of heaven and life. A wave it seems  
 Lodg'd me within a cavern's secret depth,  
 Near this tall mountain.

LEONIDAS.

Miracle of fate !

Some god's immediate hand conducted it,  
 Severely merciful.—But, sir, the prince —  
 I tremble to enquire, and yet would know —  
 What of his fate ?

PERIANDER.

I know not what to think :

But to be mine, it seems, is to be wretched.  
 Half of my fleet, yet riding in the port,  
 I left to his command, with strictest charge

To fail some few hours after. It were vain  
 To tell thee now the reason of my order.  
 This storm, I fear, may have surpriz'd him too,  
 Unhappy Polydore !

LEONIDAS.

Your own escape,  
 So full of wonder, and beyond all hope,  
 Inclines me to strong faith that heaven is still  
 Concern'd for your affairs.—But to behold  
 The first, and late the happiest of mankind,  
 At this dead hour, alone and wandering here !  
 No roof, but this cold cope of shadowy night,  
 No couch, but this unhospitable earth  
 To shelter and receive you —

PERIANDER.

Think me not  
 So poor in soul, to stoop beneath the pressure  
 Of fortune's hand. That would be to deserve it.  
 But there is still behind—O death to honor !  
 One crushing blow that lays me low indeed !  
 That sinks me in the dust !

LEONIDAS.

What do I hear ?  
 Your words amaze me.

PERIANDER.

How, Leonidas !

Surely

Surely thou art no stranger to my thought.  
 Procles—Eurydice—Wilt thou not speak  
 To save my blushes !

LEONIDAS.

With such watchful care  
 The tyrant's trusted spies observe her steps,  
 That till this fatal evening, when by order  
 Of Procles, I inform'd her of your death,  
 I have not seen her once.

PERIANDER.

Just what I fear'd.  
 That guilty secrecy was well contriv'd  
 To cover crimes too foul for honest eyes,  
 And heaven's fair light to see. None, none but Procles  
 Could gain admittance : and to him my gates,  
 My fortress, nay my bed itself was open !

LEONIDAS.

O wrong her not, my Lord. Had you but seen  
 With what convulsive pangs of heart-felt anguish,  
 What bleeding agonies, she heard the tale  
 Of your imagin'd death, your soul would melt  
 In pity of her woes. This Procles too  
 Call'd down each power of heaven to witness for him,  
 He meant her fair. Hers was the common cause  
 Of kings, he said, whose place and honor bound them

To scourge rebellion, in whatever shape,  
 Wherever found. And then what was her state ?  
 Death in his ghastliest form, consuming famine,  
 Hung instant o'er her head. O think of this,  
 And add not to her wrongs.

PERIANDER.

Ha ! wrong her, say'st thou ?  
 Answer me : has she not entail'd disgrace,  
 And vileness on my name ? Has she not made me  
 The laughter of my foe, the scoff of Procles ?  
 O curse ! is there in all the wrath of heaven  
 A plague, a ruin, like that infamy !  
 Wrong her—I am too well inform'd of all ;  
 Too certain of the blushful stain that cleaves  
 To me and mine for ever !

LEONIDAS.

Ah, my Lord,  
 By all good powers, by your eternal quiet,  
 I beg you hear me —

PERIANDER.

I have heard too much,  
 Too much, just Gods ! to hope for quiet more.  
 Those fates inexorable, that pursue  
 My life with utmost rigor, would not spare me  
 The knowledge of my shame. From my best friend  
Blushing



Blushing I learnt it—But hast thou e'er felt  
That heart of anguish stab'd by murderous fears,  
And shuddering with ten thousand mortal thoughts !  
That tempest of the soul that knows no calm ;  
Tossing from love to hate, from doubt to rage,  
To raving agony !

LEONIDAS.

O heaven and earth !  
Trust me, I weep to hear so sad a tale.

PERIANDER.

I'll tell thee all ! for oh ! my soul is full,  
And must have vent. My aching memory,  
Still fruitful to my torture, brings again  
Those days, those months of horror I have known.  
Abandon'd to distraction, I renounc'd  
The commerce of mankind. I sought to vent  
My ravings in the wildness of the woods ;  
To hide my shame in their profoundest night.  
The morn still brought it back : the midnight-shade  
Could not conceal it. Her lone echoes groan'd  
Unceasing with my pangs : and her sad ghosts,  
Forbid to rest even in the grave, in me  
Beheld a soul more lost, more curst, than they.

LEONIDAS.

O Sir, no more —

PERIANDER.

When I recall'd the past,

Life's vernal months, the downy hours of peace  
 And unsuspecting love ; our growing joys  
 In rearing one lov'd son ; that heaven of bliss  
 Which princes seldom find, and was all ours ;  
 My soul dy'd in me. Solitary, wild,  
 I wept, I groan'd, in bitterness of heart.  
 But when curst Procles flash'd on my remembrance,  
 My known, my deadly foe—that he of all,  
 That he had made her vile ! 'twas then, 'tis now.  
 Rage, fury, madness.—You at last arous'd me  
 To thoughts of vengeance. With all speed I sail'd,  
 Feeding my frenzy with the gloomy joy  
 Of stabbing the betrayer in her arms ;  
 Of plunging both to hell—but this curst storm !  
 These treacherous waves !

LEONIDAS.

Ye gods ! what have I heard !

Alas ! alas ! all waves, all storms, are calms  
 To Jealousy. O my lov'd Lord, beware  
 Of that destroyer, that self-torturing fiend,

Who

Who loves his pain, and feeds the cruel cares  
That prey upon his life; whose frantic eye  
Is ever open, ever prying round  
For what he dreads to find.

PERIANDER,

By all those horrors  
Thou hast describ'd! my crime deserves them all.  
Think back with me—for thou alone wert present—  
On that dread moment, when to his sad couch  
My father call'd me, dying as he lay!  
Then is the hour when all earth's glories fade  
Before the closing eye! when Virtue's voice,  
Ambition, even in kings, will deign to hear!  
He heard it; bade me grasp her holy altar,  
And swear, that Corinth he had long enslav'd,  
By me to all her rights should be restor'd.  
I swore: I meant to keep the sacred oath;  
But young, and fond of heart, too lightly weigh'd it,  
Against the blooming mischief of her beauties,  
That native nobleness of look and air,  
Which lighted up the charms it sanctify'd!  
Less than a throne I thought beneath her place.  
To see her there, ador'd by kneeling worlds,  
And blazing, from that height, in all her beams,

This amorous folly was my source of guilt !  
 And, by heaven's hand, my source of sorrow too !  
 'Tis just, tho dreadful ! I am punish'd most  
 Where I had bid my soul be most secure  
 Of happiness for years !

LEONIDAS.

You judge your self  
 With cruelty, my Lord. Greece ne'er beheld  
 More virtue on a throne : and, till mad faction  
 Their loyalty unhing'd, your people long,  
 In their lov'd prince, a gracious parent own'd.  
 For your afflicted queen, I hold her still  
 As pure as truth itself. This is, by heaven,  
 Some dark-laid treachery, the crime of Procles.

PERIANDER.

Of Procles, say'st thou ? Kings may be ambitious ;  
 May, for a sceptre, soar to glorious guilt :  
 But can a sovereign sink himself to baseness ?  
 The baseness of a lye ?

LEONIDAS.

You know him not :  
 Lust and ambition are not all his crimes —  
 But is this time, my Lord, for further talk ?  
 Think where we are. I tremble for your life.  
 The place is hostile ground : discovery here

May



May find us out, tho shrouded round by night.  
Hence let us fly, where I may lodge your griefs  
In some safe solitude —

PERIANDER.

Thou good old man !

By heaven, thy matchless honesty and truth  
Half reconcile me to disgrace and ruin.  
Yet blushing let me tell thee all my folly —  
Might I but see Eurydice.—Nay start not :  
I know 'tis base. I know she is beneath  
My coolest scorn. I hate and curse this weakness.  
Yet — let me see her. If she still has kept  
Her faith inviolate ; fallen as I am,  
My ruin will be light. If otherwise,  
To know the worst will be soft soothing ease  
To this hot hell of doubt.

LEONIDAS.

I wish you, Sir,  
To weigh the certain peril that attends  
This rash adventure. Should, which heaven avert,  
Should Procles' guards discover you, oh think  
What must ensue ! Think, in your fate, the queen  
And prince both ruin'd !

PERIANDER.

But my Genius prompts.

Fate calls; and I must on. No face of danger  
 Can be so dreadful as the vultur-thoughts  
 That gnaw my heart-strings. But we both are safe.  
 The moon withdraws her light: and who will dream  
 Of finding Periander in this ruffet?  
 This, when the storm grew big, I threw around me;  
 That, if I perish'd then, my vulgar fate  
 Might ever rest unknown; and Procles still  
 Sit trembling on his throne—But hark, what sounds?

LEONIDAS.

The Tyrant thus dishonors fortune's favor  
 By this mean pomp and triumph—Yet 'tis well.  
 Now riot rules the hour, and watchful order  
 Resigns his post to dissolute security.  
 We now may pass unquestion'd. Some kind god  
 Precede us, and throw tenfold darkness round!

### S C E N E III.

EURYDICE, alone.

O night of ruin, horror, and despair!  
 Walks there beneath thy universal shade  
 A wretch like me undone? All-ruling gods!  
 Why have I liv'd to this? Why was my crime  
 Visited on the guiltless head? on him

For

For whom my soul would have met death with joy?  
What hope remains to misery like mine?  
Oh! I am lost, beyond the hand of heaven  
To save me now!

## S C E N E IV.

EURYDICE, MELISSA.

MELISSA.

Chaste Juno guard you, madam!  
Watching for good Leonidas, this moment  
I saw the tyrant cross the lower court,  
Attended by his minion: as new risen  
From the mad midnight's feast; his wanton robe  
Loose-flowing from behind, and on his head  
A festal wreath of roses——

EURYDICE.

Ah! he's here.

## S C E N E V.

PROCLES, EURYDICE, MELISSA, MEDON.

PROCLES.

Parent of joys! inspiring god of wine!  
In whose gay train the graces with their queen,

And

And wit and winning eloquence are found,  
 Come to my aid invok'd!—Eurydice!  
 Bright object of my vows! Oh quench not thus  
 In fruitless tears those eyes, that wont to smile  
 With all love's sweetness, all his dewy beams,  
 Diffusing life around thee.

EURYDICE.

Hence, thou tyrant,  
 And leave me to my sorrows. Ills like mine  
 Would draw remorse and reverence from the savage,  
 Whom pity never knew. What then art thou?  
 Whose brutal rage adds bitterness to woe,  
 And anguish to the breaking heart!

PROCLÉS.

'Tis well.

Yet have a care: my temper but ill brooks  
 Upbraiding now. Be wise, and timely seize  
 The minute of good fortune, that by me  
 Invites thee to be blest.

EURYDICE.

Talk'st thou of bliss?  
 Thou bane of all my happiness! Cast back,  
 Cast back thy guilty eyes, and view the crimes  
 Thy soul stands charg'd with! view my bleeding wrongs!

But



But heaven, whom thou hast proudly set at nought,  
Will call thee to a dreadful reckoning.

PROCLES.

No!

The gods and I are friends : they crown my cause  
With favor and success. Be thou too mine,  
And imitate the great example set thee.

EURYDICE.

Thou vain and blind in soul ! the righteous gods,  
Oft, in their anger, cloathe, whom most they hate,  
With all the pride of fond prosperity,  
To make his fall more terrible.

PROCLES.

Confusion !

Still wayward and perverse ! Off then this tameness,  
These supple, fawning arts. By all th' impatience  
That goads my soul, I will not flatter more.  
Know thou art in my power, and——

EURYDICE.

Tyrant, no.

This friendly dagger sets me free.

*attempting to stab herself.*

PROCLES.

Ha ! what,

What would thy frantic passion ? This is wildness,

Th

Th' extravagance of female wilfulness.  
 It must not be : you shall be gently forc'd  
 To live, and to be happy.—Slave, what means  
 This rude intrusion ?

## S C E N E VI.

EURYDICE, PROCLES, an Officer, &c.

OFFICER.

What I bring, imports  
 My sovereign's present ear. As now I walk'd,  
 North of the postern-gate, my station'd round ;  
 A stranger, lurking there, observ'd and shun'd me.  
 With seeming inattention on I pass'd ;  
 But instant rous'd the nearest watch, return'd,  
 And seiz'd him as he fled. His sullen silence,  
 His hands oft rais'd to heaven with earnest action,  
 Assure me, he is of no common note.

PROCLEs.

'Tis well. This vigilance deserves our thanks.  
 Go, see him brought before us.

S C E N E

## S C E N E VII.

PERIANDER, EURYDICE, PROCLES, &c.

EURYDICE, *aside*.

Oh ye powers!

PERIANDER, *aside*.

Ha! poison to my eyes!

PROCLES.

I know him not.

He seems to labor with some stormy thought,  
That deeply shakes his frame. Who art thou? say,  
Why at this hour of silence lingering here?  
Ha! speak, resolve me; or the rack shall tear  
Confession from thy pangs.

PERIANDER, *aside*.

Fate, thou hast caught me!

But all is equal now.

*to him.*

Behold in me,

The man on earth whom thou hast injur'd most.  
If guilt can know remorse, what must thou feel  
At sight of Periander?

PROCLES.

Periander!

EURYDICE.

EURYDICE.

Now, now, we both are ruin'd.

PROCLES.

Heaven, I thank thee.

I form'd but one supreme, one crowning wish,  
And thou hast heard it! This is more than triumph!

EURYDICE.

O! my lov'd Lord——

PERIANDER.

Thou canst no more betray me.

For thee, my soul still unsubdu'd and royal,  
Disdains to parle with thine.

PROCLES.

Yet thou art fallen

Beneath my wrath, the vassal of my nod,  
To be chastis'd for mirth. Guards, drag him hence,  
And plunge him in the dungeon's depth.

PERIANDER.

Away,

Unkingly boaster. Can blind fortune's smile  
Debase thee to the cowardice of insult?

Thy brutal manners well revenge me on thee :  
They shew thee as thou art—My nobler part,  
Th' immortal mind, thy fury cannot reach :  
Thy whips and racks can there impress no wound.  
And for this weary carcass in thy power,

It



It is beneath my care. Lead to my dungeon.  
Chains, scourges, torture, all that Nature feels,  
Or fears abhorrent, cannot shock my thought  
Like thy loath'd fight, and that vile Woman's. On.

## S C E N E VIII.

EURYDICE, PROCLES, MELISSA, MEDON.

EURYDICE.

My lord, my husband, stay—O hear me ! hear me—  
Shame ! rage ! distraction !—Cruel tyrant, off.  
I'll follow him to death.

PROCLÉS.

No. By the joys  
That swell my soaring thought, you shall not scape me.  
Revenge and love combine to crown this night  
With matchless bliss.

EURYDICE.

Inhuman ! hast thou eyes ?  
Hast thou a heart ? and cannot all this wreck  
Of ruin'd majesty, ruin'd by thee,  
Move one relenting thought, and wake thy pity ?  
He feels not what I say : repeated crimes  
Have savag'd his remorseless soul.—Hear then,  
Almighty Jove ! behold, and judge the cause

Of

Of Periander! number all his wrongs  
In plagues, in horrors—

PROCLES.

Ha! by hell, this raving  
But wings his fate. Since thy fond folly weds thee  
To ruin with this rival, know he dies;  
This very night he dies. Thro him I mean  
To wound thy heart indeed. Thou shalt behold him  
When the rack stretches strong his rending joints,  
Bursts all his veins, and hunts the flying soul  
From limb to limb: then, when convulsive agony  
Grins hideous in his face, mangled and bleeding,  
In the last throes of death, thou shalt behold him:

EURYDICE.

It is not to be borne! My life dies in me  
At the destroying thought—Ah stay thee, Procles—  
Assist me, pitying Heaven!—See then, behold me  
Thus prostrate at thy feet. If yet thou hast not  
Renounc'd all manhood, feeling, and remorse,  
Spare me his life; save only that: all else,  
His crown, his throne be thine.

PROCLES.

Off, let me go:

Thy words are lost in air.

EURYDICE.

EURYDICE.

Nay, hear me, Procles.

As is thy hope in heaven's forgiving goodness,  
Shut not thy heart against the cry of misery.  
Banish us any whither ; drive us out  
To shame, want, beggary, to every woe  
That most embitters life—I yet will bless thee,  
Forget my crying wrongs, and own thee merciful.

PROCLES, *aside*.

No—yes : it shall be so. Rise then, and learn  
Thy triumph o'er my fondness. He shall live,  
This Periander whom I deadly hate.  
Nay, more, he shall be free. Leonidas,  
With such safe conduct as thyself shalt name,  
Attends him to our kingdom's farthest limit.  
This, in the sight of Jove, I swear to do !  
So thou at last, with gentler ear consent  
To hear my love—Ha ! what ! and dost thou frown ?  
Weigh well what I propose ; for on my soul,  
His life, or death, awaits thy next resolve.

S C E N E

## S C E N E IX.

EURYDICE, MELISSA.

EURYDICE.

Then, kill me first — O scene of matchless woes!  
O Periander! wert thou sav'd for this?  
Ye holy powers in heaven! to whom belongs  
The fate of virtue, and redress of wrongs,  
Assist, inspire me, yet to save his life:  
Or, to the ruin'd husband, join the wife.

*The End of the Second Act.*

A C T



## A C T III. S C E N E I.

EURYDICE, MELISSA.

MELISSA.

**T**HIS cheerless morning rises flow and sad.  
 The frowning heavens are black with stormy  
 And, o'er the deep, a hovering night of fogs [clouds;  
 Lies dark and motionless.

EURYDICE.

That mournful face  
 Of Nature is less gloomy than my soul:  
 All there is darkness and dismay. Ah me!  
 Was ever night, Melissa, like the last?  
 A night of many terrors, many deaths!  
 How has my soul out-liv'd it? But, great gods!  
 Can mortal strength, can human virtue bear  
 What Periander feels? And what can I  
 To save his sacred life?

*after a pause.*

Ha! is it heaven  
 That darts this sudden light into my soul?  
 This glimpse of dawning hope?—It shall be try'd.  
 Yes, yes, ye Powers \*, my life and fame shall both

\* *kneeling.*

Be offer'd up to save his dearer life.

MELISSA.

MELISSA.

Alas, what mean you, Madam ?

EURYDICE.

Mean, Melissa ?

To do a noble justice on myself ;  
A deed for which, in nations yet unborn,  
Chaste wives and matrons shall renown my name.  
I have wrong'd my husband greatly, and I mean  
Ample attonement of my guilty weakness.  
Go then, Melissa——

MELISSA.

Whither must I go ?

I tremble at your words.

EURYDICE.

Yet it sticks here,

This fatal purpose. Can I leave behind me  
A doubtful name, insulted, wounded, torn  
By cruel calumny ? I can ; I dare  
Throw off the woman, and be deaf to all  
Those nicer female fears that call so loud,  
Importunate, and urging me to live  
Till I may clear my truth from all surmise.  
Go then ; and in my name—'Tis worse than death  
To utter it—but go, inform the tyrant,

So

So Periander lives, and is set free,  
I yield me to his wish.

MELISSA.

Forbid it, heaven!

EURYDICE.

Thou faithful friend! know then my last resolve.  
By this, I mean some moments to amuse  
His brutal hopes, and save me from his violence,  
Till Periander is beyond his reach.  
Then, if he still dare urge his impious purpose,  
Death sets me free from all my wrongs for ever.

## SCENE II.

EURYDICE, LEONIDAS.

EURYDICE.

Leonidas!

LEONIDAS.

Ah Madam!

EURYDICE.

Dare I ask

Where Periander is—ah where indeed?  
Chain'd in a dungeon's airless depth, amid

Foul damp, and lonesome darkness ! Oh that thought  
Draws blood from my torn heart.

LEONIDAS.

Justice divine !

In thy great day of visitation, mark  
This man of blood. O let him feel the hand  
He dares to disbelieve.

Ere morning-dawn,  
Soft to the dismal dungeon's mouth I stole,  
Where, by the glimmerings of a dying lamp,  
My great unhappy master I beheld  
Stretch'd on the cold earth's bosom —

EURYDICE.

Hide, O hide

The fatal image from me——

LEONIDAS.

Yet even there,  
Where pale dismay, the prisoner's drear associate,  
Sits ever sad and sleepless, he could rest.  
Superior to the cruel fate that crush'd him,  
He slept as deep as indolence on down.  
These eyes beheld it : and I would not break  
His wish'd repose, but, fix'd in silent wonder,  
Stood weeping o'er the sight.

EURY-



## EURYDICE.

My fleeting life  
Expires at every word—But is there none,  
No power, the friend of suffering worth, to save us?  
To turn again those hearts estrang'd from duty,  
And arm them in their injur'd monarch's cause?

## LEONIDAS.

If gods there are, which only madness questions,  
His cause is theirs : and in their guiding hand,  
Weak instruments, even I, may yet do much ;  
Tho verging on the fatal edge of life,  
With death's near vale in view. Thus then in brief.  
The people, brought by penitence to pity,  
To sense of virtue, gather as by stealth :  
And in deaf murmurs vent their brooded spleen  
To Procles ; vent too their indignant grief  
For Periander's wrongs. This, as I came,  
With joy I learnt. They beg my speediest aid  
Of counsel and concurrence ; how this fort  
May be recover'd, and their king set free.

## EURYDICE.

May all the gods, who know thy pious purpose,  
Reward thee to it's height !

LEONIDAS.

Of that no more.  
Might I but see the tyrant, in some hour,  
Some guilty hour of riot, while his pride  
Plumes all her vainest wishes, hurl'd at once  
To swift perdition ; all my labors then,  
My counsels all, were greatly overpaid !

EURYDICE.

He comes !—and honor sickens at his sight.

## SCENE III.

PROCLES, MEDON, LEONIDAS.

PROCLES.

Leonidas, prepare thyself with speed :  
Some two hours hence, I send thee on a business  
Of much concern.

LEONIDAS.

'Tis well, my Lord.—O fatal  
And unexpected chance !

SCENE

## S C E N E IV.

PROCLES, MEDON.

PROCLES.

Methinks I droop

With more than wonted heaviness of heart.

What should it mean?—'Tis but impatient fondness,

And fancy sick with hope. The haughty fair

Now meets my wishes: and, in her, I hope

That heaven imagin'd, that sole bliss, which yet

My search could never find.

MEDON.

It moves my wonder

To see your love thus wedded to one bosom:

While crouds of rival-beauties in their may,

Their freshest spring of opening youth and bloom,

Assume each softness, call up every charm,

And all, for you alone.

PROCLES.

Alas, my friend,

Poor is the triumph over hearts like these:

This hour they please us, and the next they pall.

But to subdue the pride that scorns to yield;

D 3

To

To fill th' unwilling breast with sighs and longings,  
 With all the soft distractions of fond love,  
 Even while it strives against th' invading victor,  
 And wonders at the change ; that, that is conquest !  
 The plume of pleasure ! and from her alone  
 A glory to be won.

MEDON.

Well, may you find  
 In this proud fair-one who enchants you thus,  
 Whate'er imagination's fondest eye  
 Beholds in rapturous vision ; or young love  
 In all his wantonness of power can give.  
 But yet, forgive your servant's forward zeal,  
 Mean you to keep the promise you have made her ?

PROCLÉS.

I mean no less.

MEDON.

Your pardon, Sir, 'tis well.  
 But have you calmly weigh'd in Reason's scale  
 The certain consequence ? Set free your rival !  
 A soul made furious with his mighty wrongs !  
 Boiling with hate, rage, jealousy, revenge,  
 With the full-gather'd storm of deadly passions !

The



The gods forbid it, Sir—And all to dry  
A froward woman's tears !

PROCLES.

And yet, my faith  
Is given, to set him free. By that alone  
Her pride of virtue could be overcome.  
Medon—he shall be free !—for I will keep  
The vain illusive promise to her ear :  
And break it to her hope.

MEDON.

Say how, my Lord ?

PROCLES.

Such inbred enmity my soul bears his,  
As Nature bears to ruin ; to the grave,  
Where the whole man descends to rise no more.  
Hear then what I intend. There is a fort,  
That guards our frontier on the Theban side.  
That way our foe must pass ; but thou shalt first  
Post thither on the spur with wary speed :  
And with a chosen band, from thence drawn forth,  
Way-lay him on the farther hill, close couch'd  
Amid those pendant woods of broadest shade,  
That hide the path below : nor let his friend  
Escape thy ponyard's aim.

D 4

MEDON.

MEDON.

Conclude it done.

Sleep shall not know my eyes, till theirs are clos'd  
 In everlasting night. As to his prison  
 I led him forth, and would have sooth'd his sorrows;  
 Proud and indignant, he repell'd my pity.  
 I was, he said, a tyrant's lowest slave,  
 His parasite, the pandar of his lusts.  
 My turn is now : and now I will repay him,  
 For each opprobrious name, a mortal stab!  
 Insult and scorn, embittering every blow,  
 Shall give him sevenfold death !

PROCLES.

So—now to try

His heart's last firmness. Go, my trusted friend,  
 Command him hither.

## S C E N E V.

PROCLES, alone.

No. I cannot bear  
 That haughty look erect, that untam'd spirit.  
 They baffle my revenge, and I still miss  
 My noblest triumph ; for I meant to bend him  
 To base dejection ; meant to feast my scorn

With

With his pale cheek and supplicating eye.  
 But I will hunt this pride thro' each recess,  
 Each maze and closer folding of the soul,  
 Till I have found his weakness—Jealousy!  
 Almighty tyrant of the human mind,  
 Who canst at will unsettle the calm brain,  
 O'erturn the seated heart, and shake the man  
 Thro' all his frame with tempest and distraction;  
 Rise to my present aid! call up thy powers,  
 Thy furious fears, thy blasts of dreadful passion,  
 Thy whips, snakes, mortal stings, thy host of horrors!  
 Rouse thy whole war against him, and compleat  
 My purpos'd vengeance—But he comes to prove it:

## S C E N E VI.

PROCLES, PERIANDER, MEDON, GUARDS.

PROCLES, advancing.

I have to talk with thee, as man with man;  
 As one, who sensible to human chance,  
 Sees, in thy fate, what once may be his own:  
 Who wars not with th' unhappy, but can give  
 To such a foe his pity.

D 5

PERI-

PERIANDER.

'Tis an alms

For souls resembling thine ; I spurn it back.

He wants no pity, who is bravely wretched.

PROCLES.

Consider yet ; thy crown is in my power :

'Thy life depends upon my nod——

PERIANDER.

And therefore

To me 'tis load : but let the Gods, who thus

Dispense thy fate and mine, account for both,

And vindicate their Justice !

PROCLES.

Yet, be calm.

The noble mind meets every change of fortune,

Unruffled and serene. I, tho thy foe,

Perhaps intend thee good——

PERIANDER.

Such good, the tyger,

Hungry for blood, intends his master'd prey !

But know, my heart receives, with equal scorn,

Thy hate and hollow love. I am not fallen,

By thy superior sword or braver deed :

It was the guilt of fate !

PROCLES.



PROCLES.

That fate is still  
My fastest friend : and I can grant unmov'd  
Full licence to thy railing. All thou hast been,  
All thou canst wish ; thy throne, thy freedom, all  
Hang on my nod.

PERIANDER.

Ha ! dost thou boast of that—  
But thou wilt never know, how poor a purchase  
Is empire gain'd, for faith and honor lost !

PROCLES.

Success alone is honor : and applause  
Waits ever in his train. My actions all  
Are vindicated in th' approving homage  
Of crouds, that kneel around and hail my name !

PERIANDER.

Thy heart, even then, even in that flatter'd moment,  
Diffents within ; and loudly gives the ly  
To all this adulation at thy feet.  
Guilt knows not happiness. By a king's honor !  
Not universal rule should bribe my soul  
To change her fate for thine !

D 6

PROCLES.

PROCLES.

And yet the difference  
Is plain to see. Thy virtue and these bonds  
I weigh, in even scale, against the crown  
And sceptre of fair Corinth. Yes, while these,  
Th' exalted aim of each great heart that dares  
Beyond the narrow scope of earth-born spirits,  
While these are mine, I envy not thy tribe  
A sound, an empty name.

PERIANDER.

The mask is fallen :  
And thou appear'st thyself. It joys my soul  
To find the man, who bears me mortal hate,  
At war too with the gods ! 'Tis full revenge !  
But speak thy glorious acts. Thou hast undone  
A woman—and a vile one ! Yes, ye Powers !  
This hero, this fair warrior, well deserv'd  
To fill my vacant seat : he won it nobly !  
Dissembling, perjury, the coward's arms—  
With these, he fought his virtuous way to empire !  
Thou seest I know thee.

PROCLES.

Dost thou preach to me  
The pedant-maxims of philosophers ?

Slaves, who to shades and solitude condemn'd,  
Pine there with all-shun'd penury and scorn?  
Souls of superior order, plac'd beyond  
Their little sphere, move on in larger orbs.  
Against a foe, my deadly bane—and such  
I held thee ever—force and fraud alike  
Are lawfully employ'd. As I have won,  
I mean to wear thy crown. Thou may'st the while,  
If I vouchsafe thee freedom, court retreat  
In some vile cell; and there grow poorly old,  
Amid the talking tribe of moralists.

## PERIANDER.

Thro this false face of arrogance, I read  
Thy heart of real terror and dismay.  
Hence, all these coward-boasts. The truly brave,  
Invincible to fortune's frown or flattery,  
Know neither fear nor insult—But I would not,  
As thou surmizest, dream out useless life  
In sloth's unactive couch: and tho I shun  
Thy shameful road to conquest; glory still,  
That glory which from noble deeds takes birth,  
Has been my fair pursuit; the polar star,  
To guide my life's wide course in war and peace!  
In war, when honor led me to the field,

Greatly

Greatly to triumph, or as greatly fall!  
 In peace, to rule with mercy as with justice,  
 And, on their duty, build my people's bliss!—  
 But why this talk to thee?—I am to blame:  
 'Tis what the honest ear alone can taste.

PROCLES.

Mine thou wilt find more open, than thy vain  
 And haughty choler would—for my soul longs  
 To prove thy highest daring! and to meet thee  
 Amid the din and peril of the battle!  
 Thy life is in thy hand: thou art no more  
 Our prisoner. This moment sets thee free.

PERIANDER.

How! but thou dar'st not—Could I find thee there!  
 In open day, and honorable arms!  
 Opposing war to war, as monarchs should!  
 That our embattled legions, front to front,  
 While we betwixt them met, might judging see  
 Whose sword, with keener edge, descending fell!  
 Who best could earn the lawrel-wreath of fame!—  
 For that wish'd hour, I could forgive thee all;  
 My throne usurp'd, these slave-like bonds, the shame  
 I have endur'd—but hopes like these are vain!  
 The fears that haunt thy soul—

PROCLES.



PROCLES.

Strike off his chains.

Haste, find Leonidas. Bid him prepare  
To guard the prisoner to our kingdom's frontier :  
There, leave him at full liberty, to shape  
His future course.

PERIANDER.

Dares guilt then be so brave ?

PROCLES.

Go ; see my orders instantly performed.

*Medon and guards retire.*

PERIANDER.

Ah heaven \*—Say, speak ; hast thou put off thy nature,  
The tyrant's jealous cruelty, for one,                   \* *Aside.*  
Who loathes all obligation——

PROCLES.

Well it may

Surprize thy soul ; 'twas what I never meant thee.  
But that fond woman, who subdues my heart  
To all her wishes, and still pities thee,  
By idle blandishments extorted from me  
A solemn vow, to send thee hence.

PERI-

PERIANDER.

Confusion!—

Hear this, ye powers of vengeance!—Villain! slave!  
What thee! perdition! thee!—O curse!

PROCLES.

'Tis done!

And he shall see her, while this fury blinds him :  
They meet no more on earth !

## SCENE VII.

PERIANDER, alone.

See this, just gods!

My foe and yours, the man who bids defiance  
To all heaven's laws, sins on without reproof!  
Nay triumphs in his guilt! and She, yes She  
Hath join'd his triumph o'er me!—Shall I call  
Your thunder on their heads? or are it's bolts  
Stor'd up for me? reserv'd, to strike no crimes  
But mine alone? O be it so: I bow  
My will to yours. I here confess your Justice,  
With equal horror of my self, and her  
Who caus'd my crime, and is it's punishment!  
Thus then, I tear her from my breast—She comes!

SCENE

## S C E N E VIII.

PERIANDER, EURYDICE.

EURYDICE.

He must not know my heart's determin'd purpose ;  
That I am fix'd to dy. *after a pause.*

O Periander!—

And is it thus we meet again—

PERIANDER.

Behold!

She comes prepar'd—By hell! she weeps a ly!

EURYDICE.

O now, ye powers that pity human woes,  
Aid and inspire me!—Sir—Ah is that name,  
Coldly respectful, for a scene like this?  
You turn away: your eyes with loathing shun  
This wretch, whose shameful fears drew after them  
The total ruin that involves us both!  
That guilt is mine! Why did I shrink at danger?  
At instant fate in view? Why not endure  
All pangs, all horrors of besieging famine?  
Alas! my Lord—But O your impious subjects,  
To what have they reduc'd us?

PERI-

PERIANDER.

No, not they :

Betrayer ! thou alone hast made me wretched.  
 Disloyalty in them was common guilt :  
 They were not trusted with a monarch's honor !  
 That gem of dearest price was in thy keeping ;  
 Was lodg'd with none but thee—And now, where is it !  
 O death to glory ! thou hast sunk my name  
 Into a proverb of reproach ! a word  
 For ribbald-scorn to mock at !

EURYDICE.

O dire error !

By holy faith ! I never was disloyal.  
 Disease and death shock not my apprehension  
 Like this imputed guilt—I dare no more.  
 But haste, my Lord, fly from this fatal spot !  
 O save your life, while yet 'tis in your power !

PERIANDER.

And hast thou vilely barter'd, for that life,  
 Thy truth, and my fair fame ? By yon blest heaven !  
 I could have borne all woes that wretchedness  
 Groans under, age, affliction, pining anguish :  
 And borne them like a man. I could have smil'd  
 At fortune's keenest rancor—But to know

My



My heart deceiv'd in thee!—there, there I sink!

There, manhood, reason die!

EURYDICE.

What are, ye powers!

The scourges, tortures, all that cruelty

Hath yet contriv'd—what are they all to this?

This infamy that kills the soul itself?

But I will rise beyond my sex's weakness.

True glory bids: and here, at her stern altar,

My truth, my fame, what most enobles life,

I offer up with joy.—Lose not a thought

On me. Your dearer life employs me whole.

Preserve it: fly, O fly, while yet you may.

For should the tyrant his sworn faith recall,

We then—were both undone!

PERIANDER.

And thou canst weep?

These tears are daggers here. Their source is known.

I read thy heart thro all it's study'd falsehood.

Thou hast dishonor'd, ruin'd me: and now——

I cannot go too soon!—It has been thus

Thro all recorded time! the sight of him,

Of that fond wretch who trusts and is betray'd,

Is to the base betrayer ever hateful!

EURY-

EURYDICE.

O hard to bear!—But what are life and fame,  
To saving him?

PERIANDER.

I go—A whirlwind's wind  
Were slow to snatch me hence—Yet say, speak, tell me,  
*returning.*

How have I merited this shameful fate?  
What was my crime? Can all-bestowing love  
Do more, than mine for thee?—When I call back  
The days that are no more—thou wert my sum  
Of happiness! My doating fondness lull'd  
It's hopes, it's fears, it's wishes in thy bosom!  
O earth and heaven!—and yet—Eurydice!—  
Thou could'st betray me!

EURYDICE.

O this is too much.

I would have dy'd—that heaven and earth can tell—  
To save thy life—But we will perish both!—  
Thy tears distract me—I will tell thee all!

PERIANDER.

Am I a king? a man?—'Tis most ignoble  
To be thus shook with passion.

EURY-

## EURYDICE.

Hear, my Lord—

Let me assail thy heart, by what on earth  
Can touch it most—O, by the honor'd name  
Of thy great father! by the sacred urn  
That holds his sleeping dust! which these sad eyes,  
In thy mourn'd absence, with true tears bedew'd!  
Yet hear me speak——

## PERIANDER.

What has thy frenzy utter'd?  
Thy words have rous'd, have arm'd with all her snakes  
The fury, conscience!—yes, she darts them all  
Thro my stung bosom—And my father too—  
Lo! see! methinks, from death's eternal night,  
His awful shade ascends! That look severe,  
That speaking frown upbraids my breach of faith,  
My violated vow! and points at thee,  
The sole, th' accursed cause of all my guilt!  
It is enough—Return, O gracious form,  
Return to rest! that guilt shall be atton'd.  
Before thy Manes here, and in the sight  
Of all-beholding Jove! I thus abjure,  
Abandon, cast her from my soul for ever!

EURY-

EURYDICE.

It must not, shall not be. By our past loves !

By the dear pledge of our unfully'd flames !

Grant me a moment, this last moment's pity.

Here will I hang, grow to thy knees—Yes, spurn me,

Drag this bare bleeding bosom on the ground ;

Yes, treat me as the vilest slave—but hear me !

PERIANDER.

Away, away—\* Ah heaven, what new alarm ?

\* *trumpets sound.*

\* Again !—I am the sport of fortune——

## SCENE IX.

PERIANDER, EURYDICE.

*Medon at the head of one party, who carry the  
queen away, Leonidas at the head of another  
who remove the king.*

MEDON.

Fly ;

Secure the queen.

EURYDICE.

My Lord—farewel for ever !

PERIANDER.

Thou too, Leonidas ? Nay then——



## S C E N E X.

LEONIDAS, alone.

He fees not

My secret foul—But, O ye powers who rule  
The fate of empires ! now a monarch aid ;  
Now blefs his arms, and teach mankind to know,  
That sovereign Justice fways the world below !

*The End of the Third Act.*

A C T

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

EURYDICE, MELISSA.

EURYDICE.

**W**hat may this mean? the gloomy band of ruffians  
 That bore me hence, all fled, I know not how.  
 And hark! no sound, no breath of human voice;  
 But dumb and death-like stillness reigns around.  
 And now struck fancy peoples the lone void  
 With fears of horrid form—But what can fate?  
 What can the wrath of all the gods inflict  
 Beyond what I have known?

MELISSA.

My gracious Mistress,  
 This awful moment is perhaps the crisis  
 Of all your future life. Leonidas  
 In haste bore hence the king, most sure to save him  
 From his dire foe: or at the people's head  
 Once more to place their sovereign, and restore  
 You to your former state.

EURYDICE.

All otherwise  
 My thoughts forebode—I know his heart is shut,  
 For ever shut against the voice of love.

What

What then remains to hope ? This fort perhaps,  
My splendid prison : here to wear out life,  
Forgot, or shun'd, unpity'd, or unknown.  
And dare I live with public infamy ?  
A theme of scorn for man's licentious talk ?  
For woman's cruel pity ? In that thought,  
Death's keenest dart has stab'd my soul already  
And what comes after is not worth my fear.

MELISSA.

O no : just heaven, that sees your innocence,  
Has yet in store—Ah whence these shouts ?—Behold,  
Haste in each step and fear in every eye,  
What crouds are this way flying !

EURYDICE.

Can it be ?

Will fortune smile at last ? By all my hopes,  
They are the tyrant's friends ! Melissa, see,  
Their broken numbers to the fortress bend.

MELISSA.

And now, with eager speed they climb th' ascent  
That winding leads to us.

EURYDICE.

But who is He,

That like the god of war flames foremost yonder ?  
See his sword lighten, and the foe fly scattering

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E

From

From his tempestuous arm!—Ha—yes—O heaven!  
 'Tis he, 'tis he himself, 'tis Periander!  
 O miracle! He looks again a monarch,  
 Dreadfully glorious. Throw, ye powers! your shield  
 Of providence before him; think on all  
 His causeless wrongs, and do him justice now.

MELISSA.

Ah! Procles comes.

## S C E N E II.

PROCLES followed by a party of his guards,  
 EURYDICE, MELISSA.

PROCLES.

Confusion! all is lost.

That traitor has undone me: and those slaves,  
 The false Corinthians, join my mortal foe.

Of hope abandon'd, and the gods averse,  
 What now remains?—The queen! by heaven, 'tis well:  
 Their boasted triumph is not yet complete.

Yes, she is mine; and I am conqueror still!

\* You, bear this woman thro the postern gate

*\* to one party.*

Down to the southern shore: I sail this moment  
 For Epidaurus. \* You the while make head

*\* to another.*

Again—



Against the near pursuit, and bar it's progress  
Till she is safe. This is my last great stake,  
Of dearer price than victory. Away.

EURYDICE.

No, Tyrant : I will die first. Off, base slaves !  
Dare earth-born peasants with unhallow'd touch  
Thus violate the majesty of kings ?

### S C E N E III.

EURYDICE, PROCLES, MEDON, &c.

MEDON.

Undone ! undone ! The postern-gate is seiz'd,  
That curst Leonidas——

PROCLE.

Ha ! say'st thou, Medon ?

MEDON.

By hell, our foes surround us on each hand.  
We are taken in the toil.

PROCLE.

Unequal powers !

And have you then deceiv'd me ? rais'd me high  
With traiterous kindness, but to plunge me deeper  
In this abyss of ruin ? Does the man,  
Whom late my foot could spurn, behold my fall ?

E 2

And

And fall I thus ? my great ambition dash'd ?  
 My love unsatisfy'd ? Shall he yet revel  
 In her fond arms, and hear her curse my name ?  
 No : spite of heaven my ruin shall be glorious,  
 A pomp of horrors. I will make this day  
 For ever mournful to his aking heart.  
 Yes, he shall weep in blood amid the shouts  
 Of victory. One blow destroys his triumph,  
 And levels him at once to my destruction. \*

*\* he draws a dagger.*

EURYDICE.

Strike, tyrant, and compleat thy monstrous crimes.  
 See, thou pale coward, see a woman braves  
 Thy guilty dagger's point.

PROCLES.

Some power unseen  
 Arrests my lifted arm ! and death-cold dews  
 Of shivering horror creep all o'er my frame !  
 But shall I lose this moment ? No, my heart !  
 Be strongly barr'd against all tender feelings ;  
 Against all warnings of thy hostile gods.  
 'Tis done——

SCENE

S C E N E IV.

POLYDORE, LEONIDAS, EURYDICE, PROCLES,  
Soldiers.

POLYDORE, *pushing back Procles*  
*with his lance.*

Affassin, no. \* Seize, and disarm him:  
\* *to his soldiers.*

A life so pretious is all heaven's concern.  
My mother!

EURYDICE.

O my son!

POLYDORE.

Transporting joy!

EURYDICE.

O ecstasy! and do I see thy face?  
And do I hold thee in my trembling arms?  
Thou darling of my love! thou early hero!  
O thou hast sav'd us all!

POLYDORE.

This, this is triumph!

And I can ask of bounteous heaven no more.  
Was ever joy so full? This feeble arm,  
O pride to think! has sav'd the sacred lives  
From whom I drew my own.

EURYDICE.

And is this possible ?

What shall I say ?—But language all is poor,  
 To speak the soft effusions of my soul.  
 O Polydore ! did ever parents know  
 Such transports as do thine ! Did ever son  
 Deserve so well of parents ?

PROCLES.

Furies part them !

This fight is hell's worst pains !

EURYDICE.

Leonidas !

I saw thee not before ; indeed I could not :  
 My eyes, my soul were fix'd so full on him —  
 But say, redouble this day's bliss, and say,  
 Whence this amazing change.

POLYDORE.

Our fleet's one half,  
 Yet safe in port, rode out the fearful storm.  
 Then sail'd at eve, such was the king's command :  
 And ere ascending morn unveil'd the sky,  
 Led by heaven's guiding hand, securely made  
 The wish'd-for land.

LEONIDAS.

There, of his father's fate  
 Inform'd



Inform'd by me, this gallant royal youth,  
No moment lost, pour'd forth his eager troops :  
And at their head, swift as heaven's darted fire,  
Summon'd at once and shook the walls of Corinth —  
Which open'd wide her arms to take him in.  
His fortune speaks the rest.

EURYDICE.

'Tis wonderful all !

What god preserv'd the king ?

LEONIDAS.

Struck with despair,

The tyrant had to present death devoted  
His sacred head. I counsel'd, and prevail'd—  
Procles still thought me his—in bonds to hold him  
As our sure pledge of safety, should success  
Desert our arms. The following moment saw him  
Free from his chains, and foremost in the fight —  
And hark ! these joyous strains proclaim his triumph.

EURYDICE.

Retire, my son ; I would not meet him here.

E 4

S C E N E

## SCENE V.

PERIANDER attended, LEONIDAS, ARISTON,  
PROCLES, MEDON.

PERIANDER aside.

She flies — but hence that thought. At length, thou  
tyrant, \*

\* *advancing towards Procles.*

At length the measure of thy crimes is full.  
Thy high-plum'd pride lies humbled in the dust :  
And awful Justice comes, array'd in terrors,  
To make enquiry for the guilt that swells  
Thy black account—But I will check my heart,  
Nor learn of thee to triumph o'er the fallen.  
Bear him to prison.

PROCLES.

Yet, I will be free,  
And soon beyond thy power. Knowing the worst,  
I laugh at all to come.

PERIANDER to MEDON.

For thee, thou vile one,  
Thou pander to thy master's lusts, thou sycophant —  
The most pernicious present angry heaven  
Can make to princes whom it means to blind,  
And ruin beyond mercy—thy just doom

Is instant. Spurn this slave into the streets.  
The furious people, whom his earth-born pride  
Has trampled on, and numerous rapines beggar'd,  
Will find th' oppressor out, and as they tear  
His guilty limbs, think all their wrongs o'erpaid.

## S C E N E VI.

PERIANDER, LEONIDAS, ARISTON.

PERIANDER.

Leonidas, my father and preserver,  
Rise to my grateful arms. The joy that smiles  
Upon thy brow adds brightness to the morn.  
This wonderous revolution of my fate,  
That gives me greatly back my crown and name,  
Rejoices me yet less, than that I owe  
The gift to thee.

LEONIDAS.

O sacred Sir, forbear.

The transport to behold you thus again  
Is dear reward. Now your old man can say  
He has not liv'd in vain. Ye bounteous powers!  
Dismiss me now in peace; for I have seen  
My master blest!

PERIANDER.

No recompence can equal

E 5

Such

Such matchless goodness. But I will repay thee  
 A way more pleasing to a soul like thine ;  
 By running still in debt to all thy virtues.  
 Thou know'st th' unhappy, envy'd state of kings ;  
 How perilous the height so near to heaven :  
 All round is precipice ! Be near me still.  
 Be still my guide, and save me from the snares  
 That thus beset me : save me from myself.

LEONIDAS.

My heart can only answer at my eyes,  
 In tears of Joy and wonder—But, my Lord—  
 O may I dare to say—another care  
 Demands your present thought.

PERIANDER.

Ha !—\* Yes, my friend,

\* *to him.*

Of that we'll talk anon ; but now I wish  
 An hour of privacy.—Ariston, stay

## S C E N E VII.

PERIANDER, ARISTON.

PERIANDER.

Thus far I have repress'd the storm within ;  
 Held down it's furious heavings : but they now

Shall



Shall have full flow. I am once more a king ;  
My foe is in my hand, and breathes this air  
But till I doom him dead : yet is not he  
So curst, so ruin'd as his conqueror !

ARISTON.

What do I hear, my Lord ?

PERIANDER.

Ah ! good Ariston,  
The horrors of thy tale were true. She has,  
She has betray'd me !

ARISTON.

Since the queen is fallen,  
There is no trust in woman——

PERIANDER.

Nor no hope  
For wretched Periander. Not the grave  
Can hide me now from scorn : not length of days  
Will wear out this. O never-dying shame !  
Worlds yet unfound will hear it : and where'er  
The guilty tale is told, my fate will raise  
Base mirth, or baser pity.

ARISTON.

Could the queen  
Stoop to a thought of Procles ? False fond sex !

E. 6.

Unfix'd

Unfix'd by reason, ever wandering wild,  
As fancy whirls, from folly on to folly,  
From vanity to vice. My gracious Lord,  
She is beneath your anger. Cast her out  
From all your soul, and be yourself again.  
Resume that reason. —

PERIANDER.

Say'st thou? Ah, can reason  
Arrest the whirlwind's wing? or quench the forest,  
Struck by the hand of Jove, when all its woods  
In one broad conflagration blaze to heaven?  
'Tis reason makes me wretched; for it tells me  
How shameful this mad conflict of my passions:  
But does that still their uproar? Here, Ariston,  
Works the wild storm that reason cannot calm.  
I must, I will have ease.

ARISTON.

You may: but oh!  
The remedy is dreadful, and will give you  
Swoonings and mortal agonies. I tremble  
To mention it; but such your soul's deep malady,  
No gentler cure can bring the health you want.  
Her death, my Lord —

PERIANDER.

Ha! death——my soul shrinks back

From that dire image. How! for ever lose her!  
My queen! my wife! behold those eyes no more  
That were the light of mine! no longer hear  
That voice whose every sound was harmony!  
Of power to soothe tumultuous rage, and heal  
The wounded heart of anguish——Can it be?  
O misery! why, why is this?

ARISTON.

Alas!

You love her still, my Lord, and know it not.

PERIANDER.

Ye Gods, why am I thus? driven to and fro  
By every blast that blows?—It is too true.  
A traiterous softness steals o'er my just rage,  
And melts me to the dotage of low pity.  
O thou mean heart! Is she not false? And I,  
Shall I sit down with tame dishonor? take  
Pollution to my arms? grow vilely old,  
A tale for drunkards in their wine? the mirth  
Of midnight libertines, when they recount  
Their triumphs o'er base women? No: she dies,  
I tear her from my breast, tho the life-stream  
Should issue with her. Hear me then, Ariston,  
Do thou prepare a secret draught of death,

Of

Of power most swift and baneful ; and be ready  
Upon my fatal summons.

ARISTON.

Spare me, Sir,

I like not this employ.

PERIANDER.

It must be thine.

I have no friend in whom to trust but thee :  
And she shall die—But think'st thou, good Ariston,  
I should not hear her first ?

ARISTON.

Hear her, my Lord ?

Would you then have her live ?

PERIANDER.

No ; were my fate  
Involv'd in hers, she should not live. But still  
Something within me crys that I should hear her.  
Can it be love ?—O no : 'tis my revenge,  
All direful now, that would enjoy her tears,  
Her lying oaths of innocence, her new  
And added perjuries : then sink her down  
To the dark world, with all her crimes upon her !

ARISTON.

You see not, Sir, the perils of that meeting.

Is your heart proof against the powerful charm  
Of beauty soften'd into sighs, and melting  
With the mild languor of imploring eyes,  
More winning now, and shedding gentler beams  
Thro' showers of sorrow. Think you here behold  
The kneeling charmer lovely in her tears,  
Pleading for pity, sinking at your feet,  
And dying by your frown.

PERIANDER.

Art thou my friend ?

O merciless ! why dost thou raise before me  
This fatal image ? 'Tis not to be borne.  
My brain turns round with madness. O ye powers !  
Why am I not at quiet ? Why is life  
Forc'd on the wretch who strongly begs to die,  
In bitterness of soul ? who asks no more  
But the grave's shade and silence, there at last  
To sleep for ever, nameless and forgotten ?

ARISTON.

Alas for pity ! I will talk no more  
On this distressful theme.

PERIANDER.

Ariston, stay.

In spite of tears, of all this fond distraction  
It shall be done. A king may live unblest ;

But



But not with loss of honor unreveng'd.  
'Twas mad to think of this. I will not trust  
My eyes against the witchcraft of her charms.  
Then summon all thy firmness, O my soul !  
Since thy sad choice is misery, or shame,  
Now dare to be unhappy. Hear me, gods,  
You that attend the chaste connubial bed !  
Thou stygian Jove ! and all ye powers infernal !  
Behold, I kneel as in your awful presence.  
By that invisible, that dreaded lake,  
Th' irrevocable oath that binds even you,  
Here I pronounce, and seal her doom of death.

S C E N E VIII.

EURYPDICE, PERIANDER, ARISTON.

*Eurydice kneels to Periander, who after looking on her some time with emotion, breaks away without speaking.*

EURYDICE alone.

Not hear me ! not vouchsafe me one poor word !  
'Tis hard indeed. \*The wretch of many crimes,  
*\* rising.*

Whom mercy dares not fave, has gentler usage :  
And his stern judge is less severe than mine.  
Not hear me—then I know my doom is fix'd.

And

And shall I stay to hear the foul surmizes  
The scurril taunts, the false upbraiding pity,  
The keen revilings, that must usher in  
My public sentence ? Can there be in death  
Such pangs ? such piercing agonies ? Impossible.  
Death is repose and calm, is soft elysium  
To thoughts like these. I will prevent their triumph,  
And save myself this shame. 'Tis but to lose  
A few unhappy moments ; 'tis to rest  
The sooner from my cares ; to feel no more  
The bitterness of misery and insult  
That bait my weary soul. Then it is fix'd.  
Spite of the woman, no fond tear shall flow,  
No sigh arise, the coward-sex to shew.  
When life is shame, and glorious freedom nigh,  
A Grecian and a Queen must dare to die.

*The End of the Fourth Act.*

## ACT V. SCENE I.

PERIANDER *walking disordered*, LEONIDAS *following*.

LEONIDAS.

O My lov'd master! have I liv'd to see  
This fight of woe? Alas! is this to conquer?  
Are these the fruits of victory?

PERIANDER.

Away,

Why nam'st thou victory to me, a slave  
Subdu'd and tyranniz'd by his worst foes,  
His unrelenting passions? Talk of ruin,  
And I will hear thee: talk of hopeless misery;  
No other strain befits thy master's triumph.

LEONIDAS.

This is the language of supreme distress,  
Impatient of itself. My gracious Lord,  
Forgive an old man's talk, who would this moment,  
Might his poor life bring back your peace of mind,  
With joy resign it.

PERIANDER.

That were to bring back  
The darted sun-beam! to recal the flight  
Of unreturning time! O no: my soul  
Has bid the last farewell to happiness,

To

To hope itself. And yet I thank thy love,  
Indeed I do : but leave me for a while.  
I would be private.

LEONIDAS.

Sir, I dare not leave you——  
Forgive these tears—I dare not leave you thus  
At variance with yourself. I read too plain  
The fatal thought that wakens in your bosom.

PERIANDER.

And would'st thou have me live this abject thing ?  
This slave of folly ? For I tell thee blushing,  
With shame and strong abhorrence of myself,  
I cannot tear that woman from my soul,  
False, faithless as she is—Then I will die.  
That just revenge is still within my power.

LEONIDAS.

O Jealousy ! thou merciless destroyer,  
More cruel than the grave ! what ravages  
Does thy wild war make in the noblest bosoms !  
Too long, my Lord, you listen to the whispers  
Of that domestic foe, that bosom-traitor.  
For mercy's sake, throw not away so rashly  
The jewel of your soul. Some unseen error  
Misleads you from the truth, and ruins her.  
Grant her a moment's audience.

PERI-

PERIANDER.

I have sworn,

That she shall die.

LEONIDAS.

Is then her sacred life

Of so small price, to cast her thus away  
With blind precipitance? Your queen, my Lord!  
The fairest form, the most exalted mind!  
Once so ador'd and lov'd! to whom your soul  
Still cleaves with fondness! Can you give her up,  
The mother of your darling Polydore,  
Unheard, untry'd, to death and infamy?  
Can you do this?

PERIANDER.

O thou! whose eye beholds

And pity's the frail heart of erring man,  
Ruler of heaven and earth! or still these passions,  
That rage in tempest here: or strike in mercy,  
And free me from my pain.—What can I do?  
My solemn vow is gone up to high heaven:  
And would'st thou have me break it?

LEONIDAS.

That rash oath

Nor does, nor ought to bind. The gods refuse it.  
Should you, too late, discover she is wrong'd—  
Think on it well—O what a life of horrors

Must



Must be your fate ! I tremble but to name them.  
The sad and silent meltings of vain sorrow !  
The thorn of keen remorse ! the sting of love,  
Inflam'd by fond reflection, hourly fighting  
For what he never, never hopes to find !  
With these, late-coming, but no more to leave you,  
Despair accurst !—Dreadful society !  
Yet such will share your day and night, and haunt  
Your court, your throne, your solitude, your couch.  
Alas ! my lord !

PERIANDER.

What means thy cruel friendship ?  
Why spread before my sight this map of woe,  
Of life-long wretchedness ? for this admits  
No shorter date !—Yet, by my soul's strong anguish,  
I would most gladly blot out from my thoughts  
All memory of past time : I yet would question  
The waking evidence of every sense,  
To give her back that virtue, those fair beams  
That shone on our first loves. Then was I blest  
Beyond the race of men ! belov'd and loving,  
Honor'd and happy ! and my name as odor  
Pour'd forth, and breathing freshness all around !  
O days of dear delight ! that I could fix

For

For ever there, and think no farther on.  
I will if possible.

LEONIDAS.

O happy change !  
Confirm this gentle purpose, favoring heaven !  
I fly to bring her hither.

PERIANDER.

Stay thee yet.  
I would resolve, but cannot. Love and rage  
By turns assail me : melt me now to mercy ;  
Now rouse me to distraction—O my heart !

LEONIDAS.

Then punish the sole source of all your pangs.  
On the great criminal, on Procles' head  
Discharge the fulness of a righteous vengeance,  
And justify the gods. Let the rack tear  
The traitor's limbs : and as he howls with anguish,  
Force from his lip's confession of the lies,  
The dark and whisper'd falsehoods, that were meant  
To ruin your good queen, and torture you.

PERIANDER.

What hast thou done ? O that detested name !  
Thou know'st not half my madness—that curst name  
Has set my brain on blaze, and call'd up there  
Ten thousand furies. Hell ! hast thou not heard

What

What shame and scorn, what vileness and confusion,  
He heap'd upon my head—and she the cause!

## S C E N E II.

POLYDORE, PERIANDER, LEONIDAS.

PERIANDER.

I said I would be private.

POLYDORE.

O my father,

Here let me kneel for ever, weep these eyes  
To blindness, and ne'er know a thought of comfort.

PERIANDER.

What would my Polydore?

POLYDORE.

Alas! what means

This common face of woe that meets my sight  
Where'er I turn? Even now while happy Corinth  
Blazes with triumph; while the neighbouring shores  
Resound to heaven her voice of general joy,  
The palace is in tears. Her silent courts  
Are dark with mourning, as if death and ruin,  
Not victory, had fix'd their mansion here.

PERIANDER.

There is a cause, my son, a dreadful one.  
But leave me to myself.

OLY-

POLYDORE.

Am I then grown

A horror to your eyes ? What is my crime,  
That thus with alienated look you turn  
As from some baleful object ? Yet, my father,  
Oft have you sworn that in this face you saw,  
And lov'd your darling queen.

PERIANDER.

Away, thy looks,

Thy words distract me.

POLYDORE.

Whither shall I fly ?

Where hide this hated head ? My mother too,  
As now I left her, pressing full her eyes  
With fix'd and earnest mournfulness on mine,  
Stream'd into tears : then clasp'd me to her bosom  
With such sad passion, such transported tremblings,  
As parting lovers that must meet no more.  
I beg'd to know the cause. Again she clasp'd me  
With fonder eagerness, and sighing cry'd,  
Say to the king, my heart has never err'd.

PERIANDER.

By heaven, my soul melts at the piteous tale.  
O Polydore——

S C E N E

## S C E N E III.

PERIANDER, POLYDORE, LEONIDAS,

OFFICER:

My Lord, the prisoner Medon  
Attends, and prays admittance to your presence.

PERIANDER.

Ha! Medon! Dost thou dream? Medon alive?  
Did I not charge thee on thy strictest duty,  
To cast him forth that moment to the people?  
How hast thou dar'd to disobey?

OFFICER.

Dread sir,

As to his fate I led him pale and trembling;  
At sight of that tumultuous croud around,  
With utmost instance he requested of me  
An hour's short respite; for he could disclose  
A secret of dear import, that requir'd  
The king's immediate ear. We hardly scap'd  
Into the southern tower. Th' unnumber'd rabble  
With cries and threats demanded forth their foe:  
At hazard of my life I ventur'd down,  
Sooth'd, flatter'd, promis'd 'em they should have justice.  
They are but now dispers'd.

VOL. II.

F

PERI-



PERIANDER.

Leonidas !

My heart misgives me at that miscreant's name.

## S C E N E IV.

PERIANDER, POLYDORE, LEONIDAS, MEDON.

MEDON.

O king ! for gentleness and mercy fam'd,  
The noblest praise ; see prostrate at your feet  
A criminal, who comes to merit pardon  
By fair discovery of some weighty truths,  
That much concern your soul's repose and health.

PERIANDER.

Say on : and if thy heart has form'd a hope  
Of one hour's after-being, frame thy tale  
Severely just to truth.

MEDON.

Thus groveling here,  
With shame and sharp remorse I own my crime.  
Misted by that usurper, who with me  
Now shares the due reward of guilt like ours,  
To pleasure him, unhappy that I was !  
I told, I know not what of your good Queen.

Would

Would I had perish'd first! for all was false,  
And she most innocent.

PERIANDER.

Perdition on thee!

What do I hear?

MEDON.

I fill'd Ariston's ears

With monstrous tales, which his plain honesty

Alas, too rashly credited —

PERIANDER.

Ye gods!

And could your thunder sleep? Pernicious slave,

Hadst thou as many lives as crimes, not one

Should scape my justice—Ah Leonidas,

Was ever such black treachery?—Forgive thee?

Thy doom shall be of signal dread and warning

To all succeeding minions. \* Drag him hence,

\* *to the guards.*

And guard him at the peril of your heads.

## S C E N E V.

PERIANDER, POLYDORE, LEONIDAS.

LEONIDAS.

Amazing villany!

F 2

PERI-

PERIANDER.

O fly, my son,  
Find the poor mourner out, and in my name  
Say all that weeping penitence can plead,  
Or love returning promise. My full heart  
Will more than make it good—and may the power  
Of soft persuasion wait upon thy lips!  
O that most injur'd Fair——

## S C E N E VI.

PERIANDER, LEONIDAS, ARISTON.

PERIANDER.

In happy time  
Thou com'st, Ariston. We were both deceiv'd;  
And I recal my order—But curst Procles  
Shall pay me dear for all.

ARISTON.

He has, my lord:  
And the sad tale is terrible. I shrink  
But to recount it. Slumbering conscience rous'd,  
And flashing in his face the startling prospect  
Of his past life, furious he dash'd his head  
Against his prison-walls. I found him fallen,  
A piteous spectacle! rolling in blood,  
Deform'd with pain; for agonizing death

Sat

Sat hideous on his brow. Faintly he drew  
His parting breath: yet all that breath went forth  
In blasphemies, assailing heaven with curses,  
The ravings of despair, for frustrating  
His impious purpose on the queen.

PERIANDER.

How dreadful

This period to a life like his! The hand  
Of heaven is greatly just—But O my friends,  
These strange events have well nigh overturn'd  
This tottering brain. I feel I know not what  
Of joy and terror, high amaze and transport,  
All blended here, and working in wild tumult!

LEONIDAS.

'Tis but the motion of a troubled sea,  
After fore tempest sinking to a calm.  
All will be well, my lord. Repose and health  
Await you in her arms. What bliss is yours?  
A second union of your meeting souls!  
A better nuptial morn, with love new-rising,  
To shine for ever!

## SCENE VII.

PERIANDER, LEONIDAS, ARISTON, MELISSA,

MELISSA.

O my royal mistress!

PERIANDER.

What mean thy boding words?

MELISSA.

Falsely accus'd

Of what her soul most loathes, and to despair

By your unkindness urg'd, the queen, alas!

Has drunk a deadly draught.

PERIANDER.

O heaven and earth!

Are these at last my hopes? 'Tis I—O horror!

'Tis I have murder'd her——

SCENE *the last.*

*Scene opening discovers EURYDICE sitting, POLYDORUS kneeling by her.*

PERIANDER.

Ye righteous gods!

O give her back to life, and to your justice

I bow this guilty head—What yet remains?

Leonidas.



Leonidas, Ariston, fly, my friends,  
Call, gather all our sages; bid them try  
Their sovereign skill. My crown to him that saves her.

EURYDICE.

It cannot be. Already death invades  
My shivering bosom. Yet a little moment,  
And I shall be with those that rest for ever.  
But here in this last awful hour I swear,  
By that dread world whither my soul is parting!  
In life, in death, I am, I have been ever  
Your true and loyal wife.

PERIANDER.

I know thou art,  
Thou dying innocence. My fatal blindness,  
Destruction on my head! has ruin'd both—  
My life! my soul's best joy! and must I lose thee?  
Lose thee for ever?—

EURYDICE.

Thus, in thy lov'd arms  
Each unkind thought is lost. Now I die pleas'd:  
Now all is well—Death! thou art here—

PERIANDER.

O heavens!

F 4

MELISSA.

MELISSA.

See! she expires. The last dim mist swims o'er  
Her closing eyes!

PERIANDER.

One moment, thou fair spirit,  
One moment tarry for me—Thus we join,  
To part no more \*——

\* *he draws his sword to stab himself.*

ARISTON.

Ah! Sir——

LEONIDAS.

My lord, what means  
This fatal fury?

PERIANDER.

Cruel men, away.

And would you then detain me longer here  
On this loath'd spot, to linger out old age  
With darkness and despair! to curse the hour  
That gave a murderer birth! Would you, my friends,  
Have me live thus?

ARISTON.

Ye gods alluage his grief!

PERIANDER.

These righteous gods have cast me off for ever.  
My broken vow!—O terrible! it hangs,

A bursting

A bursting thunder, o'er my head. I see,  
And tremble at the sight, th' inquiring judge,  
Beyond these heavens, high on his throne of terrors;  
His fix'd and dread regard turn'd full upon me!  
And look! behold! the minister of vengeance  
But waits his nod to strike me thro the centre.

POLYDORE.

Alas! my father——

PERIANDER.

O my son! my son!

I have undone thee too. How dare I look  
On that dear face, where thy lost mother's sweetness  
Smiles strong reproach, and charms me into madness?  
Then, farewell, reason! farewell, human converse!  
Sun, day, and time, farewell!—All hail, despair!  
Eternal darkness, hail!—Say'st thou I've lost her?  
No, no; we will not part. Thus let me press  
Her clay-cold lips, thus weep my soul away  
On her chaste bosom here. O yet, my love!  
My better life! O yet lift up thy eyes!  
O speak to me!

LEONIDAS.

Alas! she hears you not.

The soul is fled for ever.

F 5

PERI-

PERIANDER.

O my queen!

*he throws himself by the body: the rest  
stand weeping and silent.  
raising himself up.*

Ha! there—save me! 'tis he, the king of terrors!  
Lo how the ghastly vision glares upon me  
With his fix'd beamless eyes!—What path is this,  
Dreary and deep, thro which he drags me on!  
Bless me! look there—what shivering forms are these,  
Thin as the passing air, that skim around me?  
And now th' infernal world hath shut me in!  
But see the furies arm'd! see their fell serpents  
That rouse themselves to sting me! Is there none,  
No power to screen me from them?

LEONIDAS.

Gracious Sir,

Where is that patience——

PERIANDER.

Soft—I see her plain.

Yonder on high she sits amid the gods,  
Who wonder at her charms—And dost thou smile  
Upon thy murderer? O thus let me kneel,  
And weeping worship thee—Ha! seest thou there

Yon

Yon flaming pool? And what damn'd foul is that,  
Ascending from it's depth, that beckons me?  
He wafts me still—By hell, 'tis hated Procles,  
The cause of all my ruin!—Traitor, yes,  
I come, I fly, to plunge thee deeper still  
In this red sea of tortures——O!

ARISTON.

He dies!

POLYDORE.

O matchless horror!

LEONIDAS.

Lay him gently down;

While we, with terror, own heaven's fearful justice!

Let monarchs hence be warn'd, let nations know,  
From guilt indulg'd what certain mischiefs grow.  
In peace tho gracious, tho in combat brave,  
His broken vow pursu'd him to the grave.

THE END.



THE HISTORY OF

THE CITY OF  
NEW-YORK  
FROM THE FIRST  
SETTLEMENT  
TO THE PRESENT  
TIME  
BY  
JOHN B. HENRY  
OF THE CITY OF NEW-YORK  
IN TWO VOLUMES  
VOL. I.  
NEW-YORK  
PUBLISHED BY  
J. B. HENRY  
1854

M U S T A P H A.

A

T R A G E D Y.

THE TAPPA

THE TAPPA

THIS POEM  
dedicated in his life-time,  
TO  
F R E D E R I C  
P R I N C E of W A L E S,  
IS NOW  
for ever sacred to his memory,  
AS THE  
F R I E N D AND P A T R O N  
OF ALL  
THE FINER ARTS.

# M U S T A P H A.

ACTED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL,

IN D R U R Y - L A N E.

## The PERSONS represented.

|                                                                                           |             |               |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------|---------------|
| SOLYMAN the second, surnamed<br><i>The Magnificent</i> , emperor of<br>the <i>Turks</i> . | }           | Mr. QUIN:     |
| MUSTAPHA.                                                                                 | } His Sons. | Mr. MILYARD:  |
| ZANGER.                                                                                   |             | Mr. WRIGHT.   |
| RUSTAN, Grand Vizir.                                                                      |             | Mr. MILLS.    |
| MUFTI.                                                                                    |             | Mr. WINSTON.  |
| ACHMET, Friend of <i>Mustapha</i> .                                                       |             | Mr. HAVARD.   |
| OSMAN.                                                                                    |             | Mr. WOODBURN. |
| ROXOLANA, Empress.                                                                        |             | Mrs. BUTLER.  |
| EMIRA.                                                                                    |             | Mrs. GIFFARD. |

*Basha, Attendants, Mutes.*

SCENE the SULTAN's Tent,

*In a large plain near Aleppo, where his army  
lies encamped.*



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# P R O L O G U E.

By Mr. THOMSON.

Spoken by Mr. MILWARD.

*SINCE Athens first began to draw mankind,  
To picture life, and show th' impassion'd mind;  
The truly wise have ever deem'd the stage,  
The moral school of each enlighten'd age.  
There, in full pomp, the tragic muse appears,  
Queen of soft sorrows, and of useful fears.  
Faint is the lesson reason'd rules impart:  
She pours it strong and instant thro the heart.  
If virtue is her theme; we sudden glow  
With generous flame: and, what we feel, we grow.  
If vice she paints; indignant passions rise:  
The villain sees himself with loathing eyes.  
His soul starts, conscious, at another's groan:  
And the pale tyrant trembles on his throne.  
To-night our meaning scene attempts to show,  
What fell events from dark suspicion flow;*

*Chief*

*Chief when it taints a lawless monarch's mind,  
To the false herd of flattering slaves confin'd.  
The soul sinks gradual to so dire a state;  
Even excellence but serves to feed it's hate:  
To hate remorseless, cruelty succeeds,  
And every worth, and every virtue bleeds.*

*Behold, our author at your bar appears,  
His modest hopes depress'd by conscious fears.  
Faults he has many—But to ballance those,  
His verse with heart-felt love of virtue glows  
All slighter errors let indulgence spare:  
And be his equal trial full and fair.  
For this best British privilege we call:  
Then—as he merits, let him stand, or fall.*

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M U S T A P H A.

A

T R A G E D Y.

---

A C T I. S C E N E I.

RUSTAN, MUFTI.

RUSTAN.

**G**UIDE of the faithful, oracle of truth,  
Sage Mufti, hail and welcome!

MUFTI.

Noble Rustan,

Be peace and benediction on the head  
Of him, the wise and valiant, who supports  
Th' imperial throne of earth's most potent prince!

RUSTAN.

In happy hour you come. But sure, my lord,  
Arriv'd so soon, you travell'd on the spur.

MUFTI.

MUFTI.

True, I have glow'd beneath the noon-day beam,  
 And shiver'd in the midnight's dewy shade,  
 Unresting from the Porte. Such prompt dispatch  
 Great Roxolana's mandate had enjoin'd.  
 Inform me then what service she requires,  
 Whom I but live to serve.

RUSTAN.

Indeed you owe,  
 And I no less, all duty to her highness.  
 Observe me then : and when your ear hath heard  
 Th' important tale, let caution lock it up  
 Deep in the darkest silence of your breast,  
 From all but heaven.

MUFTI.

Have I not liv'd in courts ?  
 Been present where I would not trust a thought,  
 In whisper, even to things inanimate ?

RUSTAN.

Th' attempt she meditates is great and arduous ;  
 Involves her dearest happiness, her life ;  
 Perhaps the lives of all she deigns to love.  
 Know then—the news will strike thee with amaze—  
 She holds prince Mustapha her deadly foe.

MUFTI.

MUFTI.

Ha! say'st thou?—Mustapha! the favorite son  
Of our redoubted lord! his eldest hope!  
Sole pledge the bright Circassian left his fondness!  
How will she root him from a father's love,  
Who holds him dear for virtues that renown,  
And dignify himself? The prince has fought  
His battles with success: and is sustain'd  
By troops that know his worth; that idolize  
His fame and fortune.

RUSTAN.

Thou hast summ'd his crimes.  
These are, with reason are, the mighty object  
Of Roxolana's hate. But would'st thou know,  
How she may drive him from his father's bosom?  
This boasted courage she admires! exalts  
With all th' insidious lavishness of praise,  
And will applaud the stripling into ruin!

MUFTI.

Such foes indeed most surely aim their blow,  
Who praise to wound, and honor to destroy.

RUSTAN.

My influence waits on hers. You know she gave  
Her daughter to my bed. Whate'er I hold,  
Or grasp in distant hope, is hers alone:

And



And, as my fairest fortunes, all my aims  
With hers are blended intimate and deep.

If Mustapha succeeds his royal fire,  
She falls for ever ! sinks from what she is,  
Empress and consort of unbounded sway,  
Dower'd and declar'd so—sinks into a slave !  
Her sons too—can a parent bear the thought ?  
Her sons must bleed ! Her blooming Zanger first,  
Child of her love, a certain victim falls  
To that dire policy, which founds the throne  
Of each ascending prince in brother's blood.  
She must destroy, or perish. In such case,  
Necessity is justice.

MUFTI.

True, my lord.

Custom, the deity of half mankind,  
All-powerful o'er the soul, on whom opinion  
Waits with obsequious blindness, hath made sacred  
Such dreadful deeds ; and bids our eastern world  
Hold them in venerable estimation.  
This, to your purpos'd vengeance, may give sanction :  
But what will give success ? The prince, my lord—  
I tell it, with reluctance, of a foe—

By

By every title, by each filial tie,  
Deserves, and largely shares, his father's love.

RUSTAN.

What is the love our sovereign bears his sons?  
'Tis coldness, 'tis aversion, to the flame  
With which he burns for Roxolana's charms!  
Not all the fabled power of herbs or spells  
Could raise it to more height. He doats upon her  
Beyond all vulgar passion. Age but strengthens,  
And each new day adds fervor to it's warmth.

But as this great design requires much pause,  
And gradual artifice; I, at fit times,  
Have thrown out hints, insinuations, doubts,  
Some dark and distant, some more plain and near:  
And from such fruitful seeds is springing up  
A harvest to our hopes. The sultan now,  
Declining to th' infirmities of age,  
Is lapsing to it's vices; quick distrust,  
Umbrage at rising excellence, but chief  
At signal fame in arms. He fears his son:  
And in the hearts of kings, by years made gloomy,  
From fear to hate the progress is not slow.  
What says my friend?

MUFTI.

Now, by the prophet's tomb!

The happy news is gladness to my soul.  
I hate the stripling——

RUSTAN.

Hark ! The sultan's voice——

He leaves his couch. I must attend him here.  
You, hasten to th' apartment of the empress.  
Be wise, be secret : what she gives in order,  
Obey without reserve.

The daily form  
Of solemn salutation now begins ;  
Fram'd to remind him what a monarch is,  
And what he once must be.

## S C E N E II.

*The back scene opening, discovers the sultan's pavilion:  
he sitting, officers and slaves around him.*

First OFFICER, behind the throne.

The fragrant health  
Of morning when it shines ; the gentle calm  
Of evening when it's dewy shades descend,  
Repose on Solyman ; and make his breast  
A paradise of sweets. To him, the king  
Of kings, the lord of west and east, belong  
Justice and mercy ; to chastise all vice,

And

And to reward all virtue.

Second OFFICER on the left.

Yet this prince,

This first of monarchs, mighty, and renown'd,  
This Solyman shall die!

Third OFFICER on the right.

Praise be to Him,

Almighty and all-just, the sole Supreme,  
Who lives for ever!

SOLYMAN rising.

Leave me.

### S C E N E III.

SOLYMAN, RUSTAN.

SOLYMAN.

What a scene

Of solemn mockery is all human grandeur!

Thus worship'd, thus exalted by the breath

Of adulation, are my passions sooth'd?

My secret pangs assuag'd? The peasant-hind,

Who drives his camel o'er the burning waste,

With heat and hunger smote, knows happier days,

And sounder nights than I.

RUSTAN.

He seems disturb'd.

G 2

SOLY-

SOLYMAN.

My couch is grown a bed of thorns : my sleeps,  
That should repair frail nature, weigh her down  
With visionary terrors. This dire dream,  
Not such as fancy in her shadowy workings  
Amusive raises and destroys at will,  
Was on my brain with deep impression struck :  
It seem'd the hand of some night-hovering power,  
Some genius watchful o'er the fate of kings,  
That meant to warn me—Rustan !

RUSTAN.

Health, my Lord,  
And ever-growing honors ! Dares your slave,  
Your truest servant, ask what care invades  
His sovereign's peace of mind ?

SOLYMAN.

Vizir, I blush  
To think illusions of the dark have power  
To move me thus—Yet, wherefore, night by night  
Am I thus visited with horrid shapes  
And omens of impending ill ?

RUSTAN.

Grant, heaven,  
That in such warnings be not shadow'd forth —  
Pardon my zeal—th' unwelcome truths that oft

Alarm



Alarm our ears, of dark and deep designs,  
Thro all those bounds where Mustapha presides.

SOLYMAN.

Ha ! Vizir—whither wouldst thou lead my thought ?

RUSTAN.

I know the perilous niceness of this theme ;  
'Tis cloath'd about with death : and I methinks,  
Presuming thus to talk, am as a man  
Who walks the summit of a fearful cliff.  
Each motion hazards falling : And that fall  
Is fate inevitable.

SOLYMAN.

Thou art safe.

When duty speaks, it's very error claims  
Not only pardon : it deserves applause.

RUSTAN

What may not youth, my Lord, impetuous youth,  
By factious armies heated and inflam'd,  
By strong ambition feaver'd into phrenzy,  
Presume to dare ? Impatient of controul,  
'Twould spurn at heav'n itself, would scale the throne  
Of him, the sacred power, who gave it being.

SOLYMAN.

Thou hast arrous'd my soul. And if I doubt,  
I will prevent.—That were a tyrant's baseness ;  
Who kills—because he fears.—Away such thoughts.

G 3

Nor

Nor can this be. I have approv'd him faithful.  
 He still reveres the monarch in the father:  
 And love of one preserves him just to both.

RUSTAN.

So may it ever be. And you deserve  
 His most devoted service. For his sake,  
 You broke thro' all the rules of royal custom,  
 'That buries in the dark seraglio's round,  
 And keeps at cautious distance, son or brother,  
 From knowledge and employment.

SOLYMAN.

True: my heart  
 Disdain'd those narrow forms which low suspicion,  
 Th' inglorious policy of mean-soul'd men,  
 Had render'd reverend to our barbarous world:  
 Beheld with scorn by wiser nations round us,  
 Whom reason and discernment have enlarg'd  
 With nobler views, and polish'd into honor.

RUSTAN.

A zeal well meant, tho' indiscreet, the king  
 Will sure forgive.—But does this son approve  
 The breach of ancient custom—in each instance?  
 There may be novelties——

SOLYMAN.

What wouldst thou say?

Rus-

RUSTAN.

E'er since the time inhuman TAMERLANE,  
In BAJAZET's insulted queen, dishonor'd  
The majesty of empire, future Sultans  
Have shunn'd the marriage-tie.

SOLYMAN.

Solyman has not :

Superior to that cowardice of pride,  
Which made it a state-maxim—But say, who,  
What slave of mine so lightly holds his life  
As but to murmur at it ?

RUSTAN.

All good subjects

Applaud your act with dutious veneration.  
Fair Roxolana even adorns the name,  
The honor'd name she wears. The prince too, Sir,  
Is valiant, noble, rich in manly virtues,  
And with these virtues, loyal—But his pride—

SOLYMAN.

His pride !—away—he does not, dares not blame—  
Confusion !—blame ?—He must approve my act.  
Reason inspir'd, and honor boasts it done.  
She merits more than pomp and power can give :  
Even all that love in his unbounded fondness,  
Inventive to bestow with taste and grace,

G 4

Can

Can find to crown the idol of his vow.—  
 I lose my self in fondness—Say, I wish  
 A moment's converse with her.—Stay. Thy letters,  
 What say they of my son: Will he obey  
 My order? Does he come to vindicate  
 His question'd loyalty?

RUSTAN.

To all but that  
 My letters speak at large, and high extoll  
 His gentle manners, popular behavior,  
 And equal use of delegated sway.

SOLYMAN.

My mandate was express and absolute:  
 And I expect him here, ere yonder orb  
 Has measur'd half it's course—But should he fail—  
 That popular behavior, priz'd so high,  
 May cost him dear!—My Roxolana comes.  
 I would be left alone,

## S C E N E IV.

ROXOLANA, SOLYMAN.

ROXOLANA.

Alas, my Lord,  
 Thro' those severe regards you dart around you,  
 Methinks

Methinks I read some discontented thought.  
Ah should it point on me !

SOLYMAN.

My Roxolana !

That fear is vain, is cruel to us both.  
No anger, no distaste can dwell with love,  
With love like ours, ennobled into friendship,  
That, while it soothes, invigorates the heart :  
Union of wishes, harmony of wills,  
Blended and lost in one consenting interest,  
One undivided happiness, beyond  
The solitary, joyless pride of power,  
That dazzles, not delights—A heart like mine  
O'erflows its bounds, unheeding—I but meant  
To pour into thy faithful breast the cares  
That break upon my peace.

ROXOLANA.

Give me them all :

And I will charm them to repose, or share  
Their sharpest pangs.

SOLYMAN.

A swarm of gloomy fears

Is waken'd here !

ROXOLANA.

What fears, my gracious Lord ?

G 5

SOLY-



SOLYMAN.

Now, Roxolana, speak as in the sight  
Of that stern angel who explores the grave,  
And calls departed souls to strict confession.

ROXOLANA.

What do I hear ?

SOLYMAN.

My favor'd Mustapha,  
So grac'd and so distinguish'd by my fondness,  
Feels he for me that love a son should feel  
For such a parent ?

ROXOLANA.

Whence that doubt, my Lord ?

SOLYMAN.

Ask thy own heart. Has not thy love for me  
Alarm'd thee to suspicions of his conduct ?

ROXOLANA.

What can a father wish beyond his duty ?  
When your just vengeance sends him forth to war,  
Great in your power and glorious by your fame,  
He hurls the dreadful thunder : then returns  
Submissive to your nod, alike resign'd,  
Commanding or obeying. You the while,  
To give this brave and boundless spirit scope,  
Remain, my Lord, unactive in the shade,

Ob-

Obscuring your renown; that his may rise  
And shine, to dazzle your admiring subjects,  
Who bless his brightness, dwell upon his fight,  
And hail their future Lord!

SOLYMAN.

Ha! heard I right?

Thou say'st I have been unactive—cruel truth!  
The world has ceas'd to tremble at my name.  
Once, Afric, Asia, Europe, fled before it.  
The Persian lost a kingdom to my arms:  
I humbled Egypt; crush'd it's daring rebels.  
Proud Rhodes, defended by the chosen boast  
Of christian chiefs, sustain'd not my assault.  
I shook the distant Danube with my thunder:  
Struck terror to the heart of it's bold ruler.  
My threatening war hung o'er his capital,  
A gather'd tempest; waiting but my nod  
To burst in ruin on it.—Yes—this was.  
But now, perdition!

ROXOLANA.

Moderate, my Lord,

This rising transport.

SOLYMAN.

'Tis a coward's vaunting:  
And valor blushes at it.—Roxolana!

What am I now ?—sunk, lost in sloth and silence ?  
 While Mustapha has reign'd for Solyman !  
 Poor and debasing !—Kings who cease to act,  
 Cease to be kings.

ROXOLANA.

Yet Mustapha's renown  
 Is yours, my Lord. The name of Solyman  
 Bore terror in it, conquer'd where he fought not :  
 And, as the victory, the praise was yours.

SOLYMAN.

Thy virtuous tenderness for me deceives thee.  
 I see my fatal error, feel my danger.  
 We may oblige our children into foes,  
 Even till they hate as deep as we have lov'd.

ROXOLANA.

But then proceed, my Lord, by wary steps.  
 Observe him, if he leagues with men who screen  
 Their spleen to you, their disappointed pride,  
 Behind the specious mask of public zeal.  
 Mark if the winning softness of his manners  
 Be native or assum'd : humility  
 Is oft disguis'd ambition. Note the means  
 By which he slides into the vulgar bosom ;  
 Feign'd pity for their sufferings, hinted hopes  
 Of better times. But chief remark the arts

He

He puts in use to court the foldiers' love ;  
A coarse simplicity of taste and life,  
In their hard fare, gross wit, and blunt demeanor,  
Their fellow and companion. Mischief oft,  
And murderous treason lurk beneath such plainness.

SOLYMAN.

O wretchedness of royalty ! what thorns  
Weave their sharp points with empire's gaudy robe !  
Now by my father's soul, thou hast heard more—  
I read it in that look—more than thy softness  
Dares trust mine ear with——

## S C E N E V.

SOLYMAN, ROXOLANA, RUSTAN.

SOLYMAN.

Rustan !—whence this haste ?

RUSTAN.

My Lord, the prince approaches—

SOLYMAN.

Ha ! what say'st thou ?

RUSTAN.

And enters now the camp.

SOLYMAN.

'Tis well.—The troops

How greet they his arrival ?

Rus-

RUSTAN.

With mad haste  
 They pour by thousands o'er the tented plain,  
 And swarm around him. 'Tis all wonder, fondness,  
 Each passion, every folly, of the vulgar  
 Expressing heart-felt joy!

SOLYMAN.

Indeed!

RUSTAN.

And hark!  
 That universal shout speaks loud their transport.

SOLYMAN.

Again!—The traitors!

ROXOLANA.

What attendance brings he?

RUSTAN.

Achmet will tell your highness.

SOLYMAN.

Bid him enter.

## S C E N E VI.

SOLYMAN, ROXOLANA, RUSTAN,

ACHMET.

Prince Mustapha —



SOLYMAN.

Is come !

ACHMET.

And by your slave,  
Implores admission to your royal presence.

SOLYMAN.

I sent thee to *Amassa*, to his province :  
Say how he was employ'd.

ACHMET.

As a prince should be :  
In all the nobler cares of peaceful sway,  
That make the ruler lov'd, the people happy.

SOLYMAN.

Didst thou remark how he receiv'd my order ?  
How look'd he ? what reply'd he ?

ACHMET.

With submission  
He kiss'd th' imperial signet : then dismiss'd  
His numerous court ; on each with instance pressing  
Inviolable duty to their sovereign.

SOLYMAN.

This more : with what attendance is he guarded ?

ACHMET.

With only those who wait about his person,  
And one fair slave.

SOLY-

SOLYMAN.

Enough.—A croud of thoughts,  
Doubting, discordant, rise in tumult here,  
Unsettling my resolves—What should I think ?—  
Suspicion may enquire, but must not judge.—  
'Tis now devotion's hour : invoke we then,  
To guide our councils, that unerring Mind,  
Whose goodness guards the majesty of kings ;  
Whose justice each dark thought to judgment brings.

*The End of the First Act.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

MUSTAPHA, ACHMET, HELI, OSMAN, Soldiers.

MUSTAPHA, *at the door of the tent, to the soldiers  
who had followed him.*

**M**Y friends and fellow-foldiers, I accept,  
Well pleas'd, these kind expressions of your love;  
As meant in honor of our common lord,  
While thus you grace his son. But leave me now,  
And each attend his duty.—Heli, go,  
Watch near Emira ; bid her be of comfort :  
Say all is well.—Good OSMAN, find my brother,  
My Zanger : I would meet him here.

Oh, Achmet !

Faithful instructor of my youth in arms,  
These shouts, this honest transport of the army,  
That had been music in the front of battle,  
Is discord here !

ACHMET.

Now by fair faith and honor !

I felt my heart spring high within my bosom,  
And answer to th' effusions of their joy.  
Their shouts, their acclamations swell'd to passion.

MUSTAPHA.

Ah, friend—these acclamations will undo me !

ACHMET.

ACHMET.

What says my Prince ?

MUSTAPHA.

Whom sovereign power beholds  
With jealous eye—for those to be below'd,  
Is to be guilty ?

ACHMET.

What can malice forge  
To raise a doubt against your faith and honor ?  
In peace, most true and loyal to your father ;  
In war, your sword has ever been employ'd,  
And ever with success, against his foes.  
What would he more ? Suspected ? no, my Lord,  
The Sultan truly loves you.

MUSTAPHA.

Bred in camps,  
Train'd in the gallant openness of truth  
That best becomes a soldier ; thou, my friend,  
Art happily a stranger to the baseness,  
The infamy of courts.—ACHMET, the Caspian,  
When terrible with tempest, is less fatal  
To the frail bark that plows it, than a court  
To innocence and worth. A stepdame's hatred,  
Hatred implacable, because unjust ;  
A Vizir, meanly cunning, coolly cruel,

Grown

Grown old in arts of treachery and ruin,  
Pursue me, hunt me down ! And what can I,  
Unpractis'd in all guile, oppose to dark  
And deadly wrath ?—the breath of public praise !  
An empty name—that will but speed my ruin !

ACHMET.

Why should they be your foes ? why hate the worth  
That never injur'd them ?—Forgive me, heaven !  
Could I believe so basely of mankind,  
I would renounce their fellowship, and seek  
The sylvan wild to herd with nobler brutes.  
How can this be ? All things around us wear  
A face of peace and silence.

MUSTAPHA.

Such the silence,  
The fearful stillness, ere the thunder bursts !  
Else whence this boding solitude ? this tent  
By all forsaken, even the meanest slaves ?  
As we had sent the pestilence before,  
Our mortal harbinger !—But be it so.  
True valor, friend, on virtue founded strong,  
Meets all events alike.

ACHMET.

Ah, Prince, 'twas cruel—  
Forgive my honest love—'twas most unkind

To



140 M U S T A P H A.

To hide these apprehensions from your friend:  
And now, too late, disclose the fatal secret.  
But was it not most rash, if such your fears,  
Most wilful, unsupported by your troops,  
To meet this danger?

MUSTAPHA.

ACHMET—I can die:

But dare not disobey a father's orders.

ACHMET.

The Vizir moves this way.

MUSTAPHA.

Then, O my soul!

Wake all thy powers, and arm me strong within;  
That honesty and honor, bravely plain,  
May strike confusion thro his hollow smile,  
And vizor'd malice.

## S C E N E II.

MUSTAPHA, RUSTAN, ACHMET, BASHA.

RUSTAN.

May the Power we serve,  
Most merciful and gracious, crown my Lord,  
Thro length of years, with brightness and renown!  
To see your Highness here my soul has long,  
Has warmly wish'd.

Mus-

MUSTAPHA.

Because——thou art my friend.

RUSTAN.

Heaven knows with what fond warmth my willing  
tongue,

Still prompted from the heart, has painted forth  
Your matchless virtues; that exalted courage,  
That generous prudence, rival of your courage,  
Which aged warriors wonder at with envy!  
But my applause is poor, and sinks beneath  
The mighty subject: fame herself is proud  
To celebrate that hero, whose sole arm  
Sustains the throne of godlike SOLYMAN,  
His glory and defence!

MUSTAPHA.

Thou know'st me not.

He who can listen, pleas'd, to such applause,  
Buys at a dearer rate than I dare purchase,  
And pays, for idle air, with sense and virtue.  
Art thou indeed my friend? then shew it nobly;  
As man, by deeds like these thy tongue extols:  
As subject, in true duty to thy Sovereign.

RUSTAN.

What amiable modesty! The Sultan  
Must needs, my Lord——

Mus-

MUSTAPHA.

Conclude this prefacing :  
And to your business.

RUSTAN.

Sir, your royal father—

MUSTAPHA.

Proceed.

RUSTAN.

'Tis only——

MUSTAPHA.

Say—

RUSTAN.

His orders are,  
This Basia may receive your sword.

MUSTAPHA.

My sword !

RUSTAN.

Such his command.

MUSTAPHA.

And, as he knows this RUSTAN  
My kindest advocate, my warmest friend,  
The man who sounds my praise aloud to heaven,  
He sends him on this errand !

RUSTAN.

Born to serve,

With

With absolute obedience to fulfill

My master's pleasure, his true slave presumes not,  
To ask a reason for it.

MUSTAPHA.

Heaven and earth !

My sword ?

RUSTAN.

What would your highness have me say  
In answer to this order ?

MUSTAPHA.

Take it, Vizir :

And tell thy Lord and mine, I ever held  
Submission to a father's sacred will,  
A son's first virtue, and his fairest fame.  
Say, this good sword has truly been employ'd  
Against his foes.—ACHMET, it was the gift  
With which his fondness grac'd my early hand !  
Which I had hop'd to part with but in death !  
Stay. If thou art a friend, add this one truth,  
Add boldly—when his sacred will demands  
The life he gave me ; this unhappy son,  
Suspected as he is, will yield that life  
With equal resignation. Thou wilt say so ?

RUSTAN.

By heaven, I will.

MUSTA-

MUSTAPHA.

So, in thy latest hour,  
That heaven, who sees us both, deal with thy soul!

## S C E N E III.

MUSTAPHA, ACHMET.

MUSTAPHA.

Oh friend!

ACHMET.

Perdition on the doubling traitor!  
Was it by arts like these he rose to greatness?  
To envy'd power? How low beneath all scorn  
This court-dissimulation sinks mankind!

MUSTAPHA.

Fly, ACHMET, to EMIRA; greet her from me  
With love's most sacred vows: but smoothe this news  
With all the kind deceit, the virtuous falshood,  
That friendship bids us use, to save from anguish  
The tender bosom of the fair we love.

S C E N E



## S C E N E IV.

MUSTAPHA, ZANGER.

ZANGER.

Mustapha!

MUSTAPHA.

Zanger!

ZANGER.

Brother of my love—

O greatly, dearly welcome!

MUSTAPHA.

O my Zanger!

My heart has sicken'd to transfuse itself  
Into thy faithful bosom. Friendship mourn'd,  
And found himself unblest for want of thee,  
Thou fount of tenderness, to wake anew  
His holy flame, and light it into rapture.

ZANGER.

O more than brother! O my nobler self!  
I swear by honor, by the secret instinct  
That nature kindled in my infant breast,  
That taste improv'd, and reason makes immortal;  
My soul that languish'd for thee, finds her powers  
Restor'd to health and vigor in thy presence:

VOL. II.

H

Nor

Nor more refreshing are the dews of heaven  
To Araby's dry desert, than to me  
Thy sight and wish'd return !

MUSTAPHA.

May fame renounce  
And scorn my name, if I not prize thy love  
Beyond renown ; beyond th' applauding shouts  
Of myriads in the laurel'd front of war.

ZANGER.

O thou hast fir'd my soul ! thy voice recalls  
The days of glory, when I trac'd thy steps  
Thro honor's rugged paths to noble danger !  
The watch by night ; the weary march by day ;  
The battle's open rage ; the dark assault,  
Where unknown perils dwelt ; the sum of toils,  
That fame imposes, and ambition courts !

MUSTAPHA.

Ah, Zanger—those blest days are fled for ever !

ZANGER.

What says my friend ?

MUSTAPHA.

Alas ! I am no more  
That brother of the war, whose honest name  
Thy partial love has lavishly adorn'd.

Zanger,

Zanger, in me thine eyes behold a slave,  
Disgrac'd ! disarm'd !

ZANGER.

O my presaging heart !

The Vizir——

MUSTAPHA.

He.

ZANGER.

Blue plagues upon him ! Yes,  
I have of late, I have observ'd his visage  
O'ercast with dark reserve ; his speech ambiguous,  
Broken, and shifting quick, or pausing short.  
Even when he talk'd no more, fell mischief lour'd  
And boded in his silence. But I thought not—  
How could fair honor think, his hell-born arts  
Took aim at you ?—It is not, cannot be.  
Our father loves you to your worth's extent:  
Then, who dares be your foe ?

MUSTAPHA.

I have not learnt

By what pernicious tales the Sultan's ear  
Hath been abus'd : nor can thy plainness think,  
Thy honest soul, what arrows of the dark  
Close hatred shoots with ; various, secret, swift,  
And fatal every shaft. Some three moons past,

H 2

A

A present of delicious fruit was brought me,  
 The first and fairest of the bounteous year;  
 Season'd with complements of high regard,  
 And profer'd love. I bade the bearer taste,  
 What seem'd most exquisite. 'Twas sure my genius  
 That gave the strong alarm. Th' unwary slave  
 Ate freely—but, O heaven! the lightning's flash  
 Scarce swifter kills. His ghastly eye-balls roll'd;  
 Convulsions shook his frame—he groan'd! he died!  
 Expir'd before mine eyes!—O noble Zanger,  
 The hand from whence that mortal present came  
 I must not, will not guess!

ZANGER.

Do not, my brother:  
 Left I should spurn all human ties, and curse  
 Whom nature bids me reverence. Filial virtue!  
 Forgive the direful thought that wakens here——  
 Away—to harbor it were parricide——  
 Alas! my brother, friendship makes me impious!  
 And now, thy fight, whence I had hop'd all joy,  
 Thy fight distresses me—Why didst thou come?  
 O cruel rashness!—Wherefore art thou here?  
 To heap damnation on their heads! on mine  
 Horror and sure despair!

MUSTAPHA.

MUSTAPHA.

Look on me, Zanger.

Thy virtuous softness, while it charms, distracts me.

Let me not see thy tears—they melt away

My firmer heart—Indeed I am to blame

To wound thy gentle nature with this tale—

I am, by heaven—I should have lock'd it up

Even from my own reflection for thy sake.

Turn this way, hear me, friend.—Had I not come,

Not paid obedience to a father's order,

I had avow'd a guilt that fled the light,

And merited the fate I meanly shun'd :

Nay more, had furnish'd to my honor's foe

Sure arms against my self; to stab me, Zanger,

Thro all succeeding ages, in my fame !

And what are thousand temporary deaths

To one, one cureless wound that bleeds for ever ?

Well, Osman.

## S C E N E V.

MUSTAPHA, ZANGER,

OSMAN.

Sir, the emperor approaches.

His orders are, prince Zanger should retire :

He would confer with you in private.

H 3

ZANGER.



ZANGER.

Brother ! \*

\* embracing.

MUSTAPHA.

Zanger ! heaven only knows or when or where  
 We meet again—Find Achmet out : the secret  
 That most imports my soul, on which my all  
 Of happiness, save thy true friendship, rests,  
 He can disclose. Thus, from my heart, farewell !

## S C E N E VI.

MUSTAPHA.

He comes. A nameless terror stirs my soul,  
 And spreads severe disquiet thro my bosom.  
 Why should I fear ? The man of guilt alone  
 Should feel disorder. 'Tis but nature's frailty ;  
 Th' unbidden trembling of the various heart,  
 Where hopes and fears arise, and pass by turns.

## S C E N E VII.

SOLYMAN, MUSTAPHA.

SOLYMAN, *after a pause, and having ordered,  
 by signs, all his attendants to withdraw.*

Mustapha, sit. My order is obey'd :  
 And thou art come.

MUSTAPHA.

MUSTAPHA.

While life informs this framè,  
Your will, my Lord—

SOLYMAN.

It now enjoins thee silence.  
Attentive mark my words, and on thy life  
Reply not, till my nod commands an answer.  
When that Eternal Power, whose will is fate,  
First call'd me to the cares of royalty,  
And when those arduous cares had turn'd my search,  
On each side round, for some directing light,  
Some fair example that might guide my steps ;  
I found instead, o'er all our eastern world,  
One total face of ignorance and night,  
And myriads stretch'd beneath of dreaming slaves.  
This steril darkness, to a people, rude  
As nature at the birth of human kind,  
Seem'd venerable ; seem'd the proper state  
Of greatness : and, as blindness is most vain,  
The proud barbarians, all they knew not, scorn'd.  
Amid this gloom profound, I cast mine eye  
Back to th' enlighten'd times of Greece and Rome :  
When cherish'd science, like the risen sun,  
O'er earth's glad face diffus'd it's fruitful beam ;

H 4

And

And, where it shone, the human bosom warm'd  
To thought exalted and heroic deed.  
Their story I revolv'd ; remark'd the plans,  
From age to age by chiefs and sages trac'd,  
That make peace happy, or just war successful :  
And, as I red, with pleasing wonder own'd,  
To what fair heights, above our bounded sphere,  
Instruction and example lift the mind !  
Till, what I long admir'd, at last I dar'd  
To emulate : nor was the trial vain.  
Heaven seconded my views. My neighbours round  
Rever'd those arms they dreaded : and, yet more ;  
From far Euphrates east, to where it's wave  
Thro christian chimes the western Danube rowls,  
A hundred realms my gentle sceptre blest.  
But chief my family ; where blood-stain'd rage  
No longer rioted in scenes of death :  
No son has bled, no brother pin'd out life,  
Sunk in some dungeon, to secure my throne.  
Thee, of those sons the first, and best belov'd,  
I cherish'd with superior fondness ; rear'd  
In arts and arms ; with morals and with honor  
Season'd thy tender thought : whence, to my self  
I hop'd a grateful heir ; and, to mankind,  
When heaven should summon me, a gracious master.

Thi

This have I done : but, where is my reward ?  
 What hope, what comfort for my age remains ?  
 If thou, impatient to ascend my throne,  
 Would'st rather now invade it ; now presume,  
 With parricidal hand, from mine to wrench  
 The sacred sceptre, than submissive wait  
 Till, after me, time and transmitted right  
 Have made it thine without thy crime.

MUSTAPHA.

My Lord,  
 For this indulgence, this permitted freedom,  
 To heaven and you I bend my heart in thanks :  
 And as I would deserve it, all my words  
 To holy truth shall be severely just.

E'er since reflection beam'd her light upon me,  
 You, Sir, have been my study. I have plac'd  
 Before mine eyes, in every light of life,  
 The father and the king. What weight of duty  
 Lay on a son from such a parent sprung ;  
 What virtuous toil to shine with his renown ;  
 Has been my thought by day, my dream by night.  
 True to the fair example in my view,  
 My heart, indifferent to possess a throne,  
 Aspir'd but to deserve that envy'd seat,  
 Where true content was never known to sit !

H 5

I

I fought renown in arms : yet, O believe me,  
It was but as a spur to nobler deeds ;  
A strict engagement not to faint or tire  
In glory's arduous race ; if haply so  
I might deserve a parent's courted praise,  
The great first aim of all my honest toils.  
But chief, and ever nearest to my heart,  
Was this prime duty ; so to frame my conduct  
Towards such a father, as, were I a father,  
My soul would wish to meet with from a son.  
And may reproach transmit my name abhor'd  
To latest time—if ever thought was mine  
Unjust to filial reverence, filial love !

SOLYMAN.

But yet, the genius of imperial rule,  
All-incommunicable, knows no equal ;  
Nay knows no second. Thou hast borne thy self  
Above a subject's state : by secret arts,  
By dangerous popularity, hast dar'd  
To taint my armies, and divide their homage.  
Too well I know the native bent of man :  
From towering thoughts to traitorous designs  
He climbs apace. If I at last must fear  
A rival in my slave—for such thou art—  
Thy virtues all are crimes. And were there none,

Not



Not one of Othman's blood to heir his empire ;  
 By that eternal Mind who form'd my soul !  
 If guilt is found upon thee—true, thy father  
 Will be unhappy—but thou art undone !

MUSTAPHA.

And may that Power, whose ever-waking eye  
 Explores the depth of human hearts, and sees  
 Each wish, each secret purpose, rising there,  
 Disclose all mine before you ! O my father,  
 Source of my being, ever lov'd and honor'd,  
 Yes, let inquiry, rigorous inquiry,  
 Call the whole tenor of my life to trial,  
 Severe, impartial trial. If such crimes  
 Have stain'd me but in thought ; let open shame,  
 Let tortures such as wait the wretch accurs'd,  
 The parricide, atone their guilt.

SOLYMAN.

This wears

A face of virtue.—Mustapha—the father  
 Would favor thee : the judge must know no bias.  
 Their differing titles call me separate ways ;  
 And each would have it's due.

MUSTAPHA.

My failings, Sir,  
 Will want th' indulgence of a father's love :

My honesty of heart dares well abide  
 'The judge's searching eye.—O think, my Lord ;  
 Why am I here alone ? Had my own thoughts  
 Borne evidence against me, would I thus  
 Provoke examination ? thus embrace  
 Perhaps the nobler, but th' unfafer, part ?  
 For I have foes—

SOLYMAN.

What foes ? Be warn'd, and know,  
 By charging others, guilt behind that veil  
 Would ly conceal'd, would hide it's own dark aims.

MUSTAPHA.

Look on me, Sir. Suspected tho I be,  
 I am your son : I still inherit from you  
 A generous pride that cannot stoop to vileness,  
 'The vileness of a lie. Most true, my foes  
 Had form'd a fell design against my life.

SOLYMAN.

Ha ! what design ?

MUSTAPHA.

By poison to destroy me.

SOLYMAN.

Poison ? astonishment !

MUSTAPHA

MUSTAPHA.

And of a kind  
Exalted to such power, such deadly keenness,  
That he, the slave, who first essay'd it's rage,  
Tasted at once and died!

SOLYMAN.

Merciful heaven!

MUSTAPHA.

My people saw, with horror and amaze,  
How near the verge of unseen fate I stood:  
They saw another by my death expire,  
The death for me prepar'd, that thro his frame  
Shot mortal swoonings, shot convulsive pangs;  
Then kill'd him on the instant. This they saw,  
And trembled to behold.

SOLYMAN.

I tremble too!

I shudder at the dreadful tale——O nature!  
A parent cannot banish thee for ever——  
Was no enquiry made? Can'st thou not guess  
This cruel foe?

MUSTAPHA.

I can forgive, my Lord.

SOLYMAN.

What should I think?—Thy brothers are thy friends.  
My

158 M U S T A P H A.

My Roxolana——but 'tis most prophane  
To mention her. She never was thy foe.

MUSTAPHA.

I never gave her cause.

SOLYMAN.

Her faith to me  
I oft have prov'd, and ever found sincere.  
Her tongue too has been lavish in thy praise :  
By heaven, it has.

MUSTAPHA.

Betwixt my foes and me  
Let heaven be judge.——But if their arts can win  
On him, a father whom my soul reveres  
With all the sanctity of truth and love,  
To think me base, ungrateful, and unjust :  
Hear, honor! and approve me while I swear \*  
I envy that poor slave! I would be now \* *kneels.*  
As he is—Pangs like mine were well exchang'd  
For death's short agonies——

SOLYMAN.

Forbid it, virtue!

Thou must not talk thus.

MUSTAPHA.

Had I perish'd then,  
Sweet peace had clos'd mine eyes! dying assur'd

You

You never thought me false! assur'd, my fate  
 Unmerited, untimely, would have drawn  
 A tear of pity from a parent's eye——  
 Alas! my Lord——

SOLYMAN.

O Mustapha—my son!——  
 For such again thou art, belov'd! endear'd!  
 I mix my tears with thine.

MUSTAPHA.

My king and father!  
 'Tis joy, 'tis bliss too powerful clouds my sight  
 With this soft moisture.

SOLYMAN.

Hence each doubt and fear,  
 Children of dark distrust. My soul receives thee  
 To love and confidence.—And now, my son—  
 The secret long conceal'd and laboring here,  
 I will disclose before thee—but, ah! whence  
 These shouts that tear the sky! Osman, what news?

## S C E N E VIII.

SOLYMAN, MUSTAPHA,

OSMAN.

My Lord, a sudden mutiny spreads swift  
 Among the troops. The Janizaries chief  
 Pour from their tents, and cry aloud to arms!

SOLYMAN.



SOLYMAN.

Confusion!—Mustapha, what may this mean?

MUSTAPHA.

So heaven befriend my soul as I am lost  
In horror and amaze—But haste, my Lord,  
And meet bold treason in it's mid career.

## S C E N E IX.

SOLYMAN, MUSTAPHA, OSMAN,

RUSTAN.

Appear, great Emperor, or all is lost!  
The soldiers arm'd, and furious in their rage,  
As if one soul of treason reign'd in all,  
Surround your tent—

SOLYMAN.

How!—Mustapha, I will not  
Pronounce thee guilty—But this hour must fix  
The name of son or parricide upon thee.

MUSTAPHA.

Sir, I provoke the trial.

S C E N E

S C E N E X.

RUSTAN.

Curst event!

The danger imminent and sure is mine.  
Should they demand my head—By hell! 'tis theirs.  
To save himself, the Sultan will resign  
His minister: that fatal policy  
Long custom has made sacred——Dire ambition!  
By following thee, I headlong urge my fate,  
And change secure repose for wretched state.

*The End of the Second Act.*

A C T III. S C E N E I.

ROXOLANA, MUFTI.

## ROXOLANA.

**W**HERE will this fearful revolution end ?  
And who must fall the sacrifice of fate,  
Rustan or Mustapha ?

MUFTI.

Their fury seems  
 As if inflam'd, and check'd, by one sole will,  
 Unlike the wavering multitude.

ROXOLANA.

That shows  
Most terrible!

**MUFTI.**

It would be—but for him,  
Their idol Mustapha, whose pride of soul—  
Or call it loyalty—will surely prompt him,  
With ostentation, to repress at once  
The storm his fancy'd danger has awak'd.

## ROXOLANA.

**Dost thou believe so, Mufti ?**

MUFTI.

Hold it, Madam,

A most

A most undoubted truth : and that on you  
No other labor lies, but to perplex  
By study'd doubts and fears the Sultan's spirit;  
To hint his certain ruin from a son  
So dangerously powerful o'er the passions  
Of men inur'd to turbulence and treasons.

ROXOLANA.

My better angel warns me from thy lips :  
And, Mufti, thou shalt find me nobly grateful.  
Rustan, what news ?

S C E N E II.

ROXOLANA, MUFTI, RUSTAN.

RUSTAN.

This tumult threaten'd more  
Than even my fears surmiz'd. Already were  
Those daring traitors spread around the grove  
That shades this tent ; a mighty host in arms,  
Outragious, clamoring high for Mustapha,  
And menacing perdition to his foes ;  
But chief to me.

ROXOLANA.

Audacious slaves !—but on.

RUSTAN.

RUSTAN.

In that nice moment, Solyman appear'd  
 Superior and unmov'd. At sight of him,  
 A space they stood confounded and appall'd.

MUFTI.

The multitude unaw'd is insolent ;  
 Once seiz'd with fear, contemptible and vain.

RUSTAN.

Yet, Mufti, when they cast their eyes abroad  
 On their own gather'd strength, rekindled rage  
 Spoke loud their madness in tempestuous shouts,  
 And mingled uproar. I beheld from far  
 The various horror ; how at once they rag'd,  
 At once kept silence : and, as thwarting passions  
 By turns prevail'd, were dreadful and dismay'd !

ROXOLANA.

What follow'd this ?

RUSTAN.

Just then—but I could wish  
 To leave that part untold—the prince rush'd in ;  
 His look with grief and anger deep impress'd,  
 His bosom naked to their swords—" Strike here ;  
 " Here point your rage, he cry'd. I, only I  
 " Am guilty—if your impious arms have dar'd,  
 " In violation of th' allegiance due

" From



“ From subjects, chief from me, to menace him  
“ Who reigns supreme o’er all.”

MUFTI.

Why did they not,  
O prophet ! fairly take him at his word ?

RUSTAN.

This, with strong transport utter’d, and enforc’d  
By bursting tears, which indignation shed,  
Amaz’d, abash’d them into fear and shame.  
At once they crouded round the rais’d tribunal ;  
Threw down at once their arms, and prostrate begg’d  
For pardon, or for death.—I would not dwell  
Upon the sequel. Mustapha’s demeanor  
Has won anew his father’s heart, and wrought  
A firmer reconciliation.

ROXOLANA.

Wrought our ruin ;  
If this be so.

MUFTI.

An enterprize like ours,  
Rais’d to this fateful point, must be accomplish’d,  
Or crush it’s authors.

RUSTAN.

There is no return.  
No ; we must on, must pass the perilous flood :

To

To venture backward from this depth, we risk  
Inevitable sinking.

ROXOLANA.

Ha!—it dawns :

Thy counsel, Mufti, breaks upon my thought,  
Like morning o'er the shades of night. We yet  
Shall counterwork our fate. This paper too,  
Even from the friends of Mustapha procur'd,  
May serve to urge his fate.—The Sultan comes.  
Retire, my Lords——Stay, Rustan : I may want  
Thy present aid. Now recollect thy soul,  
And second what I say.

### S C E N E III.

SOLYMAN, ROXOLANA, RUSTAN.

SOLYMAN.

Presumptuous slaves!—

These accidents in such a state as this is,  
By laws unfix'd, are ever to be fear'd,  
Are often fatal—This alarming storm  
Is past, my love : and tho the rage of tumults  
Has from old time shook fore our empire's frame,  
Nay buried monarchs in the general wreck,  
This last I can forgive. It shew'd me plain

The

The soul of Mustapha. With care I watch'd  
 Th' emotions springing from his inmost breast,  
 There where no art has power ; and found them true  
 To virtue and to me. I know this news,  
 To her whose dearest happiness is mine,  
 Will be most welcome.

ROXOLANA.

You are just, my Lord ;  
 Just to us both. I triumph in your joy,  
 And wish it all sincere.

SOLYMAN.

Long peace, I find,  
 But nurses dangerous humors up to strength,  
 Licence and wanton rage ; which war alone  
 Can purge away. I will resume my arms :  
 And he, the Persian monarch, who has dar'd  
 Insult my frontier on it's weakest side,  
 Shall feel their edge once more. Some shew of conquest,  
 Some slight advantage by his troops obtain'd —  
 I fought not there—has swell'd his inborn pride  
 Above all equal bounds. But ere the sun  
 Lights up another morn, my powers shall hence  
 To scourge that pride. A rougher season now,  
 My Roxolana, must divide the hearts,  
 It shall not change.

8

Rox-

ROXOLANA.

Mine is not in the power  
Of time or accident. This faithful breast  
Will know no hour of joy, till favoring heaven  
Restore you, bright with conquest, to these arms.  
But—is all well, my Lord?

SOLYMAN.

All well!

ROXOLANA.

Alas!

SOLYMAN.

Ha! what alarms thee?

ROXOLANA.

Does my Lord believe,  
His lowly handmaid loves him?

SOLYMAN.

Most unkind!

Why dost thou kneel, and hang upon my robe?

ROXOLANA.

O Solyman—But wilt thou then forgive  
The woman's softness? those presaging thoughts  
That wish, yet doubt thy safety?

SOLYMAN.

Safety! what,

What wouldst thou say?

Rox-

ROXOLANA.

O may my fears be vain !

But when my thought recalls this horrid tumult ;  
Recalls th' unbounded insolence that spread  
So fast, and rag'd so high ; when I revolve  
The cause that spirited those factious men  
To such bold outrage—can I chuse but weep,  
And tremble for thy life ?

SOLYMAN.

My life !

RUSTAN, *aside*.

Well said,

Exquisite woman !

ROXOLANA.

Have they not presum'd,

From idle rumors—rumors too that fix  
On you the brand of murder—here to judge  
Betwixt you and your son ? to give you laws ?  
As if the sovereign power was in their hands !  
And you their slave !

SOLYMAN.

Ha !—Roxolana—Rustan !

RUSTAN.

She speaks a dreadful truth ! Power is no more,  
Authority is lost, when subjects dare,



With curious boldness, scan their master's right,  
Control his royal pleasure, and rejudge  
His highest acts. Contempt unking a sovereign.

SOLYMAN.

Contempt!—perdition!—Am I vilely fallen  
To that dishonor?

RUSTAN.

You are still yourself,  
Great, valiant, glorious: but ungrateful subjects,  
Wanton with wealth and ease, may wish to change  
The happy present for th' uncertain future—  
Alas, I go too far: you droop, my Lord,

SOLYMAN.

Away—What should I fear? My son's known virtue  
Forbids a doubt of him.

ROXOLANA.

How I have lov'd,  
How oft with rapture dwelt upon his name,  
You, Solyman, best know. But duty now  
Shall triumph o'er that fondness—This wild storm  
He with a breath appeas'd.

SOLYMAN.

He did.

RUSTAN.

Grant heaven

Her

Her fears be idle ! That same breath can raise  
A second ; blow it into tenfold rage,  
And bid it burst on us—Would that were all !  
The risen tempest, spreading broader still,  
May reach even Solyman ; may break pernicious  
Even on his sacred head ! for who will then  
Bid the rous'd ocean peace ? or drive it's surge  
With govern'd fury ?

SOLYMAN.

Hold I then a crown  
Precarious and dependent on the nod,  
The caprice of another ?—Roxolana !  
Thou dost not think so.

ROXOLANA.

Would I could not think it.  
O who can sound the secret heart of man ?—  
Pardon my anxious love—His thoughts are hid,  
His real aims unseen : his power is known,  
Is evident and felt.

SOLYMAN.

Woman ! by heaven !  
Thy words dart light into my darken'd soul—  
There must be treachery. Who told those rebels  
I fought his life ? What friend of mine would say,  
That danger threaten'd him ?

I 2

Rus-

RUSTAN.

O justly thought.

Did Roxolana, did your slave, whose head  
They loudly call'd for, bid the traitors rise,  
To plunge their daggers in our breasts?

SOLYMAN.

'Tis plain.—

Who, who would be a father?—Friends, you weep  
In pity of my fate!—I too could pour  
A breaking heart in tears.

ROXOLANA.

O may the news,

This paper holds, be false as calumny,  
As malice can devise.

SOLYMAN.

What news? what paper?

Whence comes it?

RUSTAN.

From *Amasia*, Sir: a slave

Deliver'd it but now.

SOLYMAN.

I dread to look

Upon this fatal paper—Ha! it speaks

“Of peace at hand; of terms the *Persian* offers.”—

“That monarch courts with ardent love and service

“ My

"My favorite son"—Why trembles thus my frame?  
 What dire suggestions, conjur'd up at once,  
 In fiend-like shapes, spread horror thro' my breast?  
 Where am I?—What?—depos'd? plung'd in a dungeon,  
 To drag out weary life to it's last verge,  
 A slave! a nameless reptile!—These strong warnings  
 Are heaven's impressing hand.—But how resolve?  
 How satisfy my vengeance and my fame?  
 My stormy soul yet knows not, dares not yet  
 Acknowledge to itself.

ROXOLANA *looking after him.*

The Mufti soon

Shall clear that doubt.

## SCENE IV.

RUSTAN.

We are not yet secure,  
 Fond nature may return, and baffle all  
 Our labor'd schemes.—Ambition! deadly tyrant!  
 Inexorable master! what alarms,  
 What anxious hours, what agonies of heart,  
 Are the sure portion of thy gaudy slaves?  
 Cruel condition! Could the toiling hind,  
 The shivering beggar, whom no roof receives,

I 3

Wet

Wet with the mountain-shower, and crouching low  
 Beneath the naked cliff, his only home ;  
 Could he but read the statesman's secret breast,  
 But see the horrors there, the wounds, the stabs,  
 From furious passions and avenging guilt :  
 He would not change his rags and wretchedness,  
 For gilded domes and greatness !

## S C E N E V.

ZANGER, RUSTAN.

ZANGER.

Rustan ! yes,  
 Alone and musing—Soft : I will repress  
 Th' indignant rage my honest bosom swells with,  
 And speak him fair.

RUSTAN.

I heard a noise—Prince Zanger !

ZANGER.

You seem wrapt up in meditation, vizir.

RUSTAN.

I have been thinking what sweet peace attends  
 The homely shepherd's life.

ZANGER.

Can such a life  
 Provoke a great man's envy ?

RUSTAN.



RUSTAN.

Sir, forgive me :  
I must attend the sultan.

ZANGER.

Vizir, stay :

The sultan is retir'd. I saw and mark'd  
His visage, ruffled with tempestuous passions.  
I know the dreadful cause ; thou too must know,  
Some instant peril menaces a life  
That mine but lives in. Rustan, by the names,  
The sacred names of honor and renown !  
Now join thy influence with mine, and save  
The noblest of his race.

RUSTAN.

Save whom, young prince ?

ZANGER.

Whom ! holds the world a second Mustapha ?  
Vizir, believe me, this one glorious deed,  
Were thy life stain'd and foul with every crime,  
Would wash out all.

RUSTAN.

You much amaze me, prince.

Is it for me to trace the secret springs  
That act my sovereign's will ? or cross it's workings ?  
Be far that curious rashness from my thought.

But whence this deep alarm? I have not learnt  
What fate impends o'er Mustapha--and yet  
Suppose---'twere death.

ZANGER.

Ha! Vizir-----

RUSTAN.

Yours, my lord,

Is all the gain.

ZANGER.

O prophet!

RUSTAN.

He remov'd,

'You are this empire's heir.

ZANGER.

By that sole Being

Who governs all events! I would not reign,

In wrong to him, the master of mankind.

RUSTAN.

Fine air-built notions, prince. The wise have thought,

That power, howe'er acquir'd, is sovereign good.

Devoted to your service, let me speak

With useful freedom. Be advis'd in time;

Renounce a friendship that avails not him,

And may to you prove fatal.

ZANGER.

ZANGER.

Sure thou dost not,  
All-statesman as thou art, thou canst not mean  
The horrors thou hast utter'd? Were I, Vizir,  
This empire's lord, my first, my dearest care,  
Should be rewarding thee, even to the full,  
For giving righteous counsel.

RUSTAN.

My advice  
Bespeaks my hearty love, and merits not  
Such harsh and proud returns.

ZANGER.

Thou earth-born slave!—  
I thought to have restrain'd me—but thy baseness  
Arouses me beyond dissembling.——No:  
Thy counsel perish with thee——Heaven! is he,  
Are such as he the men whom princes trust?  
And must the fate, the safety or destruction  
Of millions, each less guilty than himself,  
Hang on the breath of one whom thou must hate?  
O providence! is human race no more  
The object of thy care?——Why end I not,  
Even here, his life and crimes?

RUSTAN.

Prince, have a care:  
Nay, handle not your sword. These starts of youth,  
I 5 Swelling

Swelling and frantic, touch not, move not me.  
 Yet know—that but for her, my royal mistress,  
 Who loves thee, and to whom my duty bends—  
 This threat might cost thee dear.

## S C E N E VI.

ZANGER.

How could I hope  
 To melt a heart like his? What now remains?  
 Said he, my mother loves me? then I know  
 Where even her breast is vulnerable. Yes;  
 It is determin'd—If my friend must fall;  
 This righteous sword, thro mine, shall reach her heart.

## S C E N E VII.

MUSTAPHA, ZANGER.

ZANGER.

Nature and friendship!—how they tear my bosom?  
 How wound my inmost soul?

MUSTAPHA.

What means my brother?

ZANGER.



ZANGER.

I know not what has wrought this fatal change :  
 Some moments past, the Sultan cross'd my walk ;  
 His brow was knit in frowns, his eye look'd ruin—  
 This villain-statesman too has talk'd such things !  
 Thy ruin is resolv'd on.

MUSTAPHA.

Be it so.

Life is beneath my care ; nor can I wish  
 To wear it longer, if a father deems me  
 Unworthy to partake the common blessing,  
 All creatures share in.

ZANGER.

Mustapha, no more.

Self-preservation is heaven's eldest law,  
 Imprest upon our nature with our life  
 In characters indelible. Who shrinks  
 From this great cause is wanting to his reason :  
 But when our honor is traduc'd and stab'd at,  
 'Tis virtue, 'tis heroic fortitude,  
 Then to encounter violence with force.

MUSTAPHA.

What force, my Zanger, shall a son employ  
 Against the sacred life that gave him being ?  
 In me, resistance would be parricide.  
 That guilt I dread : I cannot fear to die.

I 6

ZANGER.



ZANGER.

Fly then : prevent th' enormous guilt of others  
By timely flight.

MUSTAPHA.

And so avow the crime

My foes would fix, in all it's blackness, on me ?  
Such cowardice were treason to myself.  
Think, Zanger, for us both.

ZANGER.

What can I think,

But that you charm th' unhappy breast you wound ?  
O Mustapha !—yet can your virtue bear  
To see our father stain himself with blood ?  
The blood that nature, honor, bid him spare ?  
He is no more the monarch, Europe, Asia,  
Have trembled at. His amorous weakness grows  
To dotage : and has robb'd him of himself.  
Slave to a woman's will—I would forget  
She gave me birth—and to a minister,  
Familiar with all guilt ; behold his sword,  
That should be drawn for justice, turn'd to murder !  
To perpetrate th' offence it should revenge !  
And will not you by honest flight prevent  
His sin and shame ? prevent the sure reproach  
That must descend for ever on his name ?  
The brand of murderer ?

Mus-

MUSTAPHA.

Zanger, should I fly—

No other choice is mine—I must unsheathe  
The all-devouring sword. Then what ensues ?  
Revolt, intestine broils, the baneful train  
Of crimes and miseries that wait on war.  
Shall I, good heaven ! to breathe this idle air  
A few years longer, load me with the sins  
And blood of thousands ? shake an empire's peace,  
Unhinge it's frame, and rend it with convulsions ?  
Is life worth saving at such mighty cost ?  
Compar'd with this, can death be terrible ?

ZANGER.

The crime is theirs who force you into arms.  
On them alone, the rapines that shall waste,  
The flames that shall devour, our fields, our towns,  
The blood that shall be spilt, for ever rests.  
Yet more ; a prince's life is not his own :  
Not for himself, he lives for human race.  
This universal duty to your kind  
Cancels all private bonds. The future bliss,  
Or woe of millions, you were born to rule,  
Hangs on your great resolve.

Mus-

## MUSTAPHA.

I hear with wonder  
 The glorious counsel which I must not take.  
 No end is noble where the means are base.  
 What? violate allegiance, duty, nature?  
 Wade on thro cruelty, rebellion, ruin?  
 Thro all the varied guiltiness of war?  
 And rise to empire by ten thousand horrors,  
 That subjects may, at last, have cause to bless  
 A sovereign, thus exalted?—No, my friend;  
 Heaven means not me it's instrument of good,  
 If but by ways like these I must effect it.  
 Brother—farewel: I leave the world with joy,  
 Leaving it thee!

## ZANGER.

O cruel—godlike friend!  
 Canst thou resolve on death, and bid me live?

## MUSTAPHA.

Yes, live, my brother, live to bless mankind.  
 Shew wondring nations what a monarch should be;  
 Heaven's true vicegerent, whose superior soul,  
 Rais'd high above the tyrant's selfish poorness,  
 Pants but for power of doing good, rejects  
 All power of doing ill; who makes no war  
 But to revenge his people's wrongs, no peace  
 But what secures their safety; courts no fame

But

But from their happiness : a parent he,  
The public parent ; they not slaves, but sons.

ZANGER.

Thou shalt not go. This moment yet remains ;  
Perhaps the last—Does friendship plead in vain ?  
Yet if thine ear is deaf to Zanger's call—

Think of Emira ! think of her, my brother,  
To whom thy soul has wedded all it's wishes !

Canst thou abandon her ? be deaf to love ?

The pleading voice of love, and youth, and beauty,  
Despairing, dying in thy death ?

MUSTAPHA.

Ah friend,

What hast thou done ? Why dost thou wound my heart,

To shew me I am man ? frail, fearful man ?

Why, Zanger, hast thou brought to light a weakness,

I would have kept in darkness from all eyes ?

Even from myself ? or wept in silence o'er it,

My last unconquerable fondness ?

ZANGER.

See !——

She comes. What grace, what noble sweetness shines,

Victorious, in her opening spring of charms !

Mus-



MUSTAPHA.

O go, my brother ; leave me to myself :  
My heart runs o'er with passion, nor can bear  
Even a friend's eye should read it's tender follies.

## S C E N E VIII.

EMIRA, MUSTAPHA.

MUSTAPHA.

Emira !

EMIRA.

Prince !—what mean these eager tremblings,  
This troubled silence ?

MUSTAPHA.

O my soul's best joy !

At sight of thee, I feel—I know not what :

My beating heart is all a soft confusion

Of fears and wishes, tenderness and tears—

Blest heaven !

EMIRA.

My lord !—why are you thus alarm'd ?

Ah ! have you then deceiv'd me ? Was the peace,

The reconcilment with your royal father

But feign'd to soothe me with betraying hopes ?

Cruel—

Mus-



## MUSTAPHA.

Emira, I am much to blame :

And manhood murmurs at the fond consent  
That has expos'd thee, in this doubtful journey,  
To danger and alarms. Love made me weak,  
Even made me cruel !

## EMIRA.

Prince, why am I yours

But to divide your cares ? to share your fortunes ?  
I feel no danger, Mustapha, but thine ;  
No fears but for thy safety.

## MUSTAPHA.

Knowing that,  
I know too much, and therefore am most wretched !

## EMIRA.

Ha ! thou art pale—why dost thou hide thee from me ?  
What fatal change has happen'd ?

## MUSTAPHA.

Dear Emira !

Thou amiable goodness ! stop these tears.  
There is no present danger ; none, my love.  
But let me place thee safe beyond the din,  
Beyond the rage of war—for war is threatn'd.  
Now while the friendly shades of night descend,  
Let Achmet guide thee hence.

## EMIRA.

EMIRA.

Inhuman! oh—

You hide some horrid secret from mine ear.  
 What leave thee? fly with Achmet at this hour?  
 Must then Emira be the last to know,  
 She is for ever wretched?

MUSTAPHA.

No, my love:

Our parting shall be short—Nay, hang not on me:  
 Resist not with thy tears. I must a while,  
 Refusing thee, deny my soul it's comfort—  
 See Achmet comes.—\* 'Tis well. Retire at once.

\* Achmet *whispers* him.

Angels conduct thy steps!

EMIRA.

O lost Emira!

## S C E N E IX.

MUSTAPHA, OSMAN.

OSMAN.

The sultan, on whose head be peace and blessing!  
 Commands, my lord, you should expect his pleasure.  
 Alone in that pavilion.

Mus-

MUSTAPHA.

I obey.

O sacred fortitude! O heaven-born guest!  
Descend; infuse thy spirit thro my breast;  
That I may calmly meet the hour of fate,  
My foes forgive, and triumph o'er their hate.  
This body let their engines tear and grind:  
But let not all their racks subdue my mind.

*End of the Third Act.*

A C T

## A C T IV. S C E N E I.

RUSTAN, MUFTI,

RUSTAN.

**T**HE night looks black and boding. Darknefs fell  
 Precipitate and heavy o'er the world ;  
 At once extinguishing the fun : and lo,  
 What clouds ascending deepen shade on shade !  
 Some ruffling storm is nigh. But are we safe ?  
 Are we alone ? I would be shrouded close  
 From mortal eye and ear. Lift—

MUFTI.

All is still.

RUSTAN.

Then tell me—for my soul impatient longs  
 To hear the news—what has our dreaded lord  
 At last resolv'd ?

MUFTI.

I follow'd to his tent.

The scene was terrible. His mind appear'd  
 A mighty ocean stir'd by fighting winds.  
 His pace uncertain, fury in his aspect,  
 His bosom heaving with convulsive thoughts,  
 By turns he cast his eyes severe on heaven ;

By

By turns he bent them gloomy on the ground :  
A pause of silence where dumb horror reign'd,  
More wild and more expressive to the sight,  
Than on the ear the storm of words can pour.

RUSTAN.

Proceed, my lord.

MUFTI.

At last, in broken sounds

By passion render'd vehement and low ;  
" Mufti, he cry'd, how says our sacred law ?  
" What doom inflicts it on a trusted slave,  
" Who plots destruction to his master's house ?  
" In close conjunction with their foe profess,  
" A rancorous heretic—"

RUSTAN.

He meant the Persian;

Who long has courted Mustapha in private.

Well, you reply'd—

MUFTI.

His blood be on my head.

Thus stain'd and black with complicated guilt,  
He merits more than death ; chief for his league  
With heretics, a race on earth abhor'd,  
Accurst of heaven.

RUSTAN.



RUSTAN.

Ay, that was well, my lord ;  
 And after Solymán's own heart. I hope  
 You urg'd it home with weight of argument.

MUFTI.

I did : and prov'd all heresy more black,  
 More pestilent, than even the false belief  
 Of christian-dogs. He bow'd his head profound,  
 Invoking heaven, attesting Mahomet :  
 And cry'd—" This son must perish. Not a world,  
 " A pleading world should save him from my justice :"  
 Then order'd his confinement.

RUSTAN.

Hail confinement ?

By Azrael, the angel that must sever  
 His soul and mortal part ! I was in hopes,  
 His execution, Mufti, had been order'd.  
 This tardy vengeance dashes half my joys :  
 'Tis full of dread, and may be deadly to us.  
 Would I had ne'er embark'd on this wild sea,  
 Where tempests ever rages !—Conscience too  
 Now sharpens all her stings—

MUFTI.

Away, my lord ;  
 What are you doing but what thousand statesmen,

Who

Who liv'd and died in fame, have done before you?  
He shall not scape. I have fresh accusations,  
That with the sultan's piety will weigh  
More strong than all his crimes. This Mustapha  
Is a rank unbeliever.

RUSTAN:

How, my lord?

The news revives my heart.

MUFTI.

Inflam'd with zeal,  
With holy hatred to the foes of heaven,  
Jews, Christians, who pollute our pious land,  
I would have wrought that boy to prompt his father  
In giving to the sword those infidels.  
What was his answer, think you?

RUSTAN.

I can guess:

Some libertine reply.

MUFTI.

'Twas most profane!

He pointed to a plain that lay before us,  
Profusely gay with flowers—"Admire, he cry'd,  
"Wife nature's various hand: a thousand colors,  
"A thousand odors, greet the sight and smell.  
"Fair suns arise, and genial dews descend

"To

" To foster all alike : and in return,  
 " They waft their mingled incense to the sky,  
 " A grateful offering there. Perhaps 'tis so  
 " With difference in opinions : this at least,  
 " They have their use ; nor shall they want protection,  
 " While those who hold them live, as subjects should,  
 " In amity and peace, promoting each  
 " The general wealth, observant of the laws,  
 " And to their sovereign true."—He said : and turn'd  
 Abruptly from me, frowning scorn and anger.

RUSTAN.

I thank thee for this news : but go, my lord,  
 Watch near the sultan's door. I will the while  
 Walk here and meditate.

## S C E N E II.

RUSTAN.

Uncertainty !

Fell demon of our fears ! the human soul,  
 That can support despair, supports not thee !  
 The son yet lives—the father may relent :  
 What then becomes of Rustan ?—By the night !  
 By this dead darkness that involves the world !  
 The murderer, in some lonesome dungeon sunk,

Not

Not with more dread, more shaking apprehension,  
Awaits the hour, the midnight hour that brings  
Back from his tomb, in hideous visitation,  
The bleeding shadow of the slain—than I  
The issue of this thing.—Hush—

## S C E N E III.

ROXOLANA, RUSTAN.

ROXOLANA.

Rustan! speak,

Say, is it done?

RUSTAN.

O would to heaven it were!

Or ne'er had been attempted!

ROXOLANA.

Be of courage.

Where is prince Zanger?

RUSTAN.

Madam, we are observ'd.

'Tis he—

ROXOLANA.

Leave us.—I see him much disturb'd.

VOL. II.

K

S C E N E



## S C E N E IV.

ROXOLANA, ZANGER.

ROXOLANA, *after a pause.*

Why art thou silent ? What has mov'd thee thus ?

ZANGER.

I would have red my sentence in your eyes ;  
Whether they doom your son to life or death.

ROXOLANA.

What wouldst thou say ?

ZANGER.

O hear me ; hear and save !

Screen my lov'd brother from the shameful fate  
That hovers o'er him ! Fly, prevent a father—  
You only can—from plunging into blood :  
And from the sting of conscience that will goad him  
To life's last hour.

ROXOLANA.

Zanger, I know thy follies.

Deaf to ambition's glorious call, and blind  
To sovereign power that spreads it's dazling charms,  
The ruling sceptre, starry diadem,



Before thy sight, and now within thy reach;  
 Unspirited and poor! thou wouldst depend  
 For food and raiment on another's nod:  
 Grow basely old, unactive, lost to fame,  
 Nor know the peasant's privilege, to eat  
 Thy wretched meal secure: but still unsafe,  
 And trembling still, each fearful hour expect,  
 As rage or caprice guides thy tyrant's will,  
 The bowl or poniard.

ZANGER.

Be more just to both.  
 Nor would I suffer, nor will he impose,  
 Such brutal treatment. O you know him not:  
 A soul with every goodness, every worth,  
 Enrich'd, accomplish'd——

ROXOLANA.

I will hear no more.  
 A mother's fondness for thee bids me pity  
 What else my heart would scorn: and leave thy blindness  
 To it's due portion of contempt and wrongs.  
 Shake off this dull simplicity of soul,  
 Unworthy me, defeating all my schemes  
 For empire and for glory. Every aim,  
 Th' important travel of my thoughts, is all

K 2

For

For thee alone. Awake, expand thy views  
To greatness, and deserve my noble cares.

ZANGER.

O sacred honor ! does some dire illusion  
Dazzle my sense ?—I view myself with horror—  
Heaven ! was I born to be the bane of virtue ?  
To banish from her heart, who gave me life,  
All human thoughts ? all goodness ?

ROXOLANA.

Thou hast learnt  
Of Mustapha ! and art, I find, right apt  
To profit by such lessons !—yet—be wise :  
He who adopts his crimes may share his fate !

ZANGER.

What are his crimes ?

ROXOLANA.

His birth-right. He was born  
To reign thy master : he might live to see  
A slave in Roxolana.

ZANGER.

Yet, 'tis heaven,  
Not Mustapha, you should accuse.

ROXOLANA.

2

Accuse ?

No :

No : fond complaining is for vulgar souls :

I will prevent, and punish.

ZANGER.

Then strike here :

I am the criminal.

ROXOLANA.

Thy folly is ;

Thy milky softness, uninform'd, unwarm'd  
By brave ambition.

ZANGER.

Rather say, not fear'd  
By hate ; not savag'd by remorseless rage.

ROXOLANA.

How ! does thy madness lose all reverent sense  
Of love and duty to a parent due ?  
Unnatural and ingrate ?

ZANGER.

What is my fault ?

ROXOLANA.

All I am doing for thee.

ZANGER.

Have I wish'd ?

Have I contriv'd that guilt ?

ROXOLANA.

Yet is it thine.

The guilt is his who profits by it.

ZANGER.

No :

Such gains my soul renounces. Can a world  
A purchas'd world advantage him, who pays  
His virtue for the purchase ?—Yet recall,  
My mother, \* O recall your better mind, \* *he kneels.*  
That feeling pity, that soft sense of goodness,  
The grace and glory of the gentler sex.  
Now, Madam, while the sultan's awful will  
Yet wavers unresolv'd ; address his mercy,  
His justice, save him from the worst of crimes !  
These moments are most precious——

ROXOLANA.

Zanger, rise,

And heedful mark me——'tis my last advice,  
My kindest—Rouse thee from this dreaming fondness,  
This soul-debasing narrowness of purpose.  
Resolve to second me, to aid my views ;  
Or share thy brother's fate.

ZANGER.

ZANGER.

His fate I envy ;

He dies with all his virtue, all his fame :  
Nor is his parting soul insulted, poison'd,  
By such dire offers—Gracious heaven !

ROXOLANA.

Go on.

ZANGER.

I dare not : nature, honor, check my tongue.

ROXOLANA.

'Tis well—Thou voluntary wretch ! henceforth  
I hold thee as an alien to my love.  
Tremble. This hand may send thee——

ZANGER.

Should it prove

Another murderous present——

ROXOLANA.

Ha !

ZANGER.

It would be

More welcome than an empire on such terms.

ROXOLANA.

Thy choice be thine. I cast thee from my heart ;

K 4

Renounce



Renounce thee ; know thee for no son of mine.

Thou slave in soul ! this moment is thy last :

This moment joins thee to thy brother's doom ! \*

*\* returning.*

Zanger—be warn'd,—I feel I love thee still——

The mother rises o'er the woman's rage,

And bids me spare thee—"Tis thy cause I plead—

Inhuman ! why are all my cares, my labors,

If not for thee !——Reply not : but obey——

Thou see'st my tears : in them the parent see—

Distract me not : my life is in thy hands,

My fame, my all on earth !——Remember too,

That from this hour my blessing, or my curse,

Is thine for ever !

## S C E N E V.

ZANGER.

O there needs not that :

'Tis curse enough that I was born of thee.

Supreme Disposer of the world !——But no ;

I dare not imprecate thy vengeance here !

What can I more ? My thoughts are one wild whirl

Of horror and despair——Ah princess !

S C E N E

## S C E N E VI.

EMIRA, ZANGER.

EMIRA.

Brother!

Where is my Lord?—They would have torn me hence;  
Have carried me to safe inglorious distance:  
Love would not hear of parting!

ZANGER.

Heaven and earth

Conspire against us! Whither shall I turn me?  
What shall I counsel thee—But see—the Sultan!

EMIRA.

Ah where?

ZANGER.

Emira—on this moment hangs  
Our last, our only hope.—Fall at his knees,  
Beseech, adjure him. Youth and grace like thine  
May reach his soul, and melt him into nature.  
Disclose thy story: tell him with thy tears,  
With all the moving softness of distress,  
The secret of your hearts. Who knows but heaven  
May greatly interpose it's sovereign aid

For injur'd virtue and imploring love——  
But I must hence unseen.

EMIRA.

Alarming tryal !

## SCENE VII.

SOLYMAN, EMIRA.

SOLYMAN.

In change of place there is no change of pain.  
Contending passions, urging each it's claim,  
Tear up my bosom with intestine war.  
Shall treason go unpunish'd ? Shall I dip  
My hands in filial blood ? O fatal choice !  
O cruel conflict ! Have I liv'd till now  
A parent—not a murderer ? Must I late,  
When my white age is bending to the grave,  
Pollute me with that stain ?——O Mustapha !  
Thou hast undone my fame——

What bright unknown

Attracts my eyes, and charms away my rage ?  
Fancy not fairer paints those heaven-born maids,  
Daughters of paradise, for ever young,  
For ever blooming ; who on beds of flowers,

By

By streams of living waters, soft repose  
To crown th' immortal bliss of happy souls  
With raptures unconceiv'd—She kneels! and weeps!

EMIRA.

O royal Solyman——

SOLYMAN.

Say, beauteous maid,  
What may this posture mean?

EMIRA.

Supreme of monarchs!  
Renown'd for virtue, greatly good and just!  
Let not a helpless stranger plead in vain!  
I beg for mercy—.

SOLYMAN.

Mercy? Can thy youth,  
Can charms like thine want honor? want protection?  
You must not kneel.

EMIRA.

Unhappy Mustapha——

SOLYMAN.

Ha! what of him?

EMIRA.

Is innocent, my Lord;  
Is clear of every crime against a father,  
Whom more than life he loves.

SOLYMAN.

This would be scan'd.

You know him then.

EMIRA.

Believe these streaming eyes ;

Truth is not fairer, nor is faith more loyal.

O by your just renown, by all your hopes

Of peace on earth, of paradise on high,

Be timely warn'd : revoke the dreadful doom,

That, giving him to death, will ruin you !

Will kill your sweet repose of heart for ever !

SOLYMAN.

Amazement all !—Thy words, thy mournful action

Confound my thought. Say, speak, how is the fate

Of Mustapha thy care ?

EMIRA.

O Solyman !

O father of th' unhappy——

SOLYMAN.

O my soul !

What can she mean ? Go on.

EMIRA.

O pardon him !

Have pity on us both !——I am——his wife——

SOLYMAN.



SOLYMAN.

Confusion!—wife!

EMIRA.

Arm not your eye with anger.

If 'tis a crime——revenge it all on me :

And in my gushing blood——

SOLYMAN.

Rack me no more.

Resume thy senses : tell me who thou art.

EMIRA.

Alas, my lord, you tremble with your passion.

But hear me with indulgence——By the love

I bear your son ; th' observant faith we both

Profess for Solyman——all may be well.

I bring the noblest dowry to his arms ;

Peace to your realms, a potent monarch's friendship

On happy terms obtain'd.

SOLYMAN.

Am I awake ?

Speak, speak, and ease my soul.

EMIRA.

I am——

SOLYMAN.

Well, say.

EMIRA.

EMIRA.

The Sophy's daughter.

SOLYMAN.

Ha!

EMIRA.

The eldest born

Of Persia——

SOLYMAN.

Hell and horror! heard I true?

Of Persia? daughter of my mortal foe?——

At length his treasons are all come to light——

Perfidious! lying slave!

EMIRA.

O no, my lord:

By him who fees the soul, he is not false.

He never knew a thought——

SOLYMAN.

Away——he dies!

Should I and all my kingdoms perish with him.

What, ho——conduct her to the women's tent:

Let Roxolana keep her safe.——'Tis done.

The conflict's ended. Osman——

S C E N E

## S C E N E V I I I.

SOLYMAN, OSMAN.

SOLYMAN.

Art thou privy

To this conspiracy?

OSMAN.

My lord?

SOLYMAN.

I stood

Even on the verge, th' extremest verge of fate:

And one step more—I doubted her I love,

Her who has fav'd me—Osman, he shall die!

Call Rustan; bid the mutes be ready—Stay.

This cool dissembler, this smooth hypocrite,

What can he now alledge?—Bring him before me.

OSMAN.

Whom, gracious Sir?

SOLYMAN.

Him.—Dost thou linger, slave?

This rage disturbs my reason.—Mustapha.

O wretched Solyman!

S C E N E

## S C E N E IX.

SOLYMAN, MUSTAPHA.

MUSTAPHA.

You speak not, Sir ;  
You see me not. If I appear before you,  
Tho' guiltless, with confusion ; not these bonds,  
Nor what more fatal may ensue alarms me ?  
The man who knows no crime should know no fear :  
And yet a father's frown can shake my heart.  
Sir, if I may be heard ; if innocence  
Thus wrong'd and suffering——

SOLYMAN.

I will check the storm  
That heaves within, and would o'erflow all bounds.  
Justice alone shall try him and condemn——  
And yet, shall treason thus, detected treason,  
Profane the language of fair loyalty ?

MUSTAPHA.

Treason ! O by my soul's immortal life,  
This curst sedition less offended you,  
Than it afflicted your unhappy son.

SOLYMAN.

SOLYMAN.

Of that my heart has labor'd to acquit thee.  
Turn this way : raise thine eyes aloft to mine,  
And fix their beams with steady gaze upon me——  
“Who knows no crime, thou sayst, should know no fear.”  
Now answer me——Art thou not join'd in league,  
In hellish compact with thy father's foes ?  
Art thou not—married ?

MUSTAPHA.

Heaven !

SOLYMAN.

Ha ! does this truth

Flash just conviction on thee ? strike thee dumb ?  
Now, whither is thy confidence of tongue,  
Thy darling licence fled ?

MUSTAPHA.

Then—farewell, hope !

Yet—let me die the same I still have liv'd,  
Above all falsehood, all dissimulation.  
I am, my lord : and but for that mad tumult,  
Which broke our evening's talk abruptly off,  
(So angry heaven decreed) I had even then,  
In all the plainness of discovery, laid  
The secret at your feet ; from full belief,  
My action, try'd by candor as by justice,

Must



Must have procur'd forgiveness to myself;  
 And to Emira, crown'd with every grace,  
 With every virtue bright, your tenderest love.  
 May I proceed!

SOLYMAN.

Proceed? What canst thou add,  
 What can I hear, but rising proofs on proofs,  
 That I am miserable, thou most base?

MUSTAPHA.

I plead not now for life: nor would I hold it  
 Dishonor'd by a father's deep distrust,  
 Embitter'd by his hate. I would but lighten  
 Th' imputed guilt that weighs upon my name.  
 My foes, I knew, my unrelenting foes  
 Were high in your regard, trusted, belov'd;  
 Attach'd with no less faith to you, than fix'd  
 And in close league combin'd—to ruin me.  
 Their power in all it's dark extent I saw;  
 It's baleful influence felt. The law of heaven,  
 The voice of reason, urg'd me to preserve  
 Myself from death, my father from a crime.  
 Against inveterate, unabating hate,  
 I fought protection, fought a sure retreat:  
 And found it in the Persian monarch's love.  
 Weary of war's fell ravage, wishing rest,

He

He gave his blooming daughter to my arms,  
And with her these fair provinces your sword  
Had won and lost by turns; to be annex'd  
For ever to your empire, on such terms  
Of peace, as you and justice might approve.  
Behold, my lord, even in it's last recess,  
The heart of Mustapha!

SOLYMAN.

Well—thou hast said.

Is there aught more?

MUSTAPHA.

My lord; to life or death

Indifferent, as impatient of dishonor,

Resign'd, unfeared, I expect my fate.

But oh——Emira!——On my knee, for her,

Who but for being mine had been most happy,

I beg a father's dear regard.

SOLYMAN.

Retire.

## SCENE X.

SOLYMAN, RUSTAN *at a distance.*

SOLYMAN.

Why does my straining eye pursue his steps?

Out,

Out, foolish nature ; leave me to the thoughts  
That suit a monarch. He, or I must fall.

'Tis rage no more : 'tis reason's deep alarm,  
Abruptly waken'd o'er the startling view  
Of precipice and ruin full before her.  
May I believe my senses ? How ! a son  
Aspiring, popular, belov'd and brave,  
His very virtues formidably great,  
Combin'd, confederate with my mortal foe ?  
Even wedded to his daughter ? young and fair,  
And mighty o'er a husband's ductile heart !  
To drive his passions, and inflame his will  
With each curst purpose of her father's hate !  
And shall a tale by smooth-tongu'd cunning fram'd  
Stagger my heart, or soothe me to false peace ?

Why lingers then my justice ? While I thus  
Her awful rule obey, why feels my heart  
The horrors that should wait on guilt alone ?  
No : let me lay down empire, or assert  
It's injur'd rights : and, while I weep the son,  
Give up to death the criminal—O heaven !

RUSTAN.

In tears, my lord ?

SOLYMAN.

These tears are terrible :

And

And fate will follow them—But canst thou guess  
What I would leave untold!

RUSTAN.

I dare not read  
My sovereign's secret will.

SOLYMAN.

Thus then. The mutes—  
Afric's black sons—the fell and fatal band  
Whose souls no pity know—hold them prepar'd.

## SCENE XI.

RUSTAN.

Is it then fix'd? This instant sees them ready.  
Ascend, from hell's profoundest night, ye powers,  
Who aid conspiracy in her dire workings!  
Engage his head, his heart, till this be done,  
And crown the work of fate yourselves begun!

*The End of the Fourth Act.*

A C T

## A C T V. S C E N E I.

ZANGER, ACHMET.

**T**HE hour grows more tempestuous.

ZANGER.

Not a star

Remains unquench'd; but total blackness fills  
The vault of night.

ACHMET.

Look, from the turbid south  
What floods of flame in red diffusion burst,  
Frequent and furious, darted thro the dark  
And broken ridges of a thousand clouds,  
Pil'd hill on hill: and hark, the thunder rous'd  
Groans in long roarings thro the distant gloom.

ZANGER.

'Tis well: and we, O heaven! revere thy voice,  
Thy voice of terror, meant to shake the hearts  
Of guilty men. What withers their resolves,  
Lends force to ours. Achmet, if honor lives  
Within thy breast; if this tremendous call  
Can wake thee to a deed of noble daring,  
Now save thy master.

ACHMET.



ACHMET.

Prince, command my service.

Be life or death the sequel, I have learnt,  
When honor calls, undoubting to obey.  
This worthy part is ours : th' event we leave  
To heaven's deciding care.

ZANGER.

I need not say,  
In saving Mustapha, we save the friend  
Of virtue, of mankind. But how alas !  
For I have sounded all a mother's heart,  
Each source of tenderness profess'd for me,  
In favour of this brother—and in vain !  
The sultan too, inexorable, deaf  
Even to Emira's voice ! has seal'd his doom.  
Amid the silence of the midnight-hour,  
A shameful death awaits him !

ACHMET.

Judge supreme !  
Is such the lot for innocence decreed ?  
What can we do ?

ZANGER.

Brave Achmet, true, the camp  
Lies plung'd in slumber : but the troops adore

This

This injur'd virtue. Rouse the nearest bands  
With cautious haste ; from man to man diffuse,  
In whisper'd confidence, the fatal tale,  
The secret of their hero's threaten'd fate :  
Then, on a signal given, rush all at once  
Into the guilty room ; and bear him thence  
Among th' expecting soldiers.

ACHMET.

By the storm  
That thunders round us with redoubling peals !  
The brave design has fir'd me : I will save,  
Or perish greatly with him. Knows the prince  
Of our intention ?

ZANGER.

No ; nor were it safe  
To trust his scrupulous virtue with the secret.  
Above all fear of death, he would not risk  
A life this way, to make his own immortal.  
Then give we honor, strict as his, no cause  
To disavow our action ; let no blood,  
Even of his executioners, be spilt.

ACHMET.

We will not stain an enterprize of justice  
With deeds of cruelty. That care be mine.  
What shall the signal be ?

ZANGER.

ZANGER.

A blazing torch

Wav'd thrice amid the trees that shade this tent.

My watch is there.

ACHMET.

Enough.

ZANGER.

Farewel.

ACHMET.

Yet say,

Where do we meet?

ZANGER.

Behind the blasted pine

That bounds the last pavilion.

ACHMET.

Prince, remember!

My service shall not linger : if I fall,

'Tis as a soldier should.

ZANGER.

Away—the vizir

Is coming towards us.

## SCENE II.

ROXOLANA, MUFTI, RUSTAN.

ROXOLANA.

Mufti, what a night

Vol. II.

L

Is

Is roaring o'er us ! My frail woman's heart  
 Quakes at the loudning horror of the storm ?  
 What mean the angry skies ?

MUFTI.

I have observ'd,  
 When the soul labors with some mighty purpose  
 That dread and danger usher into birth,  
 Fancy alarm'd fees in each accident  
 A heaven-sent omen ; of her own vain fears  
 Shapes fiends or ghosts ; embodies empty space,  
 Pours terror on th' unreal form ; then shrinks  
 Appall'd and trembling from her own creation.  
 Why, this tempestuous time respects not us ;  
 Or it befriends our purpose.

RUSTAN.

True, great princess.  
 The soldiers all are hush'd : the camp is now  
 Still as the midnight-desart. Even the factious,  
 Whose prying curiosity had else  
 Been buzzing round us, tremble in their tents,  
 Awe-struck ; nor dare assemble while the heavens  
 Are blazing round their heads.

MUFTI.

Madam, see here—

And

And give full scope to joy—behold the scroll  
That numbers Mustapha among the dead !

ROXOLANA.

Yet, Mufti, was it hardly gain'd. The combat  
Of love and vengeance in his father's breast,  
Like agonizing nature ere it yields  
To death's last dart, held strong and terrible.

MUFTI.

Nor had the son's accumulated crimes  
Met their due punishment, but for your skill,  
Your known ascendant o'er the sultan's heart,  
All-open to your influence.—Take it, vizir,  
Th' important schedule ; and see justice done  
On this our enemy.

RUSTAN.

O I could give  
A loose to rapture !—But the time forbids.  
When must he die ?

MUFTI.

Destruction hovers o'er him ;  
These moments are his last. So wills the sultan :  
And has shut up his tent from all access,  
Till this be done.

ROXOLANA.

Now, now indeed I live !

L 2

Now



Now am I blest! O friends, you both shall task  
Henceforth my dearest interest in your service.  
Fly, Rustan, plant strong watch at every gate,  
At every avenue: let none go forth,  
None enter, till the morning shines abroad.

RUSTAN.

All is prepar'd. The slaves are ready arm'd,  
A numerous band: and I will post them strait  
With watchful secrecy.—Now, Mustapha,  
Thy boasted victories, the courted love  
Of giddy multitudes that hail'd, this morn,  
Thy short-liv'd triumph—what avail they now?  
That pageant-show will but embitter thought,  
But aid thy foes to torture thee in death.  
Come, Mufti: to our task.

### SCENE III.

ROXOLANA.

I am alone!

My bosom pants with ardent expectation,  
And dreadful hope! O would this hour were past!  
The solitary horror of my thoughts  
Dismays me—Who goes there?—His wife!--I would not  
Now hear her fond complainings.

SCENE

## S C E N E IV.

EMIRA, ROXOLANA.

EMIRA.

Fly not, madam :

For misery has sure a mournful right  
To pity, even to reverence. If your soul  
Is truly royal, and adorns the height  
Of your imperial fortune, you will weep  
The woes you have not known. If mercy lives,  
If gentleness yet holds her softest seat,  
Where once she joy'd to dwell, a woman's breast ;—  
O Roxolana—by these melting eyes !  
By this imploring posture ! now exert  
Your thousand ways of charming him you love !  
Wake nature, reason, in his heart ; to save  
A hero who supports his throne, a son  
Who fears no death but from a father's frown.  
Think, for this noble act, how fair your name,  
How bright with praise, to nations yet unborn  
All-lovely will descend !—You hear me not.  
Ah, madam, this way bend your sight : in me  
No common suppliant kneels. I once believ'd—

L 3

O ground-

O groundless pride!—that but to heaven alone  
I could have bow'd me thus!

ROXOLANA.

My wonder, princess,  
Has kept me silent: let it plead my pardon  
That you have knelt so long. Nay, dry your tears:  
Myself will send the prince to your embrace,  
And end for ever all your doubts and fears.

## SCENE V.

EMIRA.

What insolence of cruelty, what cold,  
Unfeeling pride fate mocking in her eye!  
O man! what savage bears a heart like thine,  
Till thy own ills have taught thee social sense,  
And soften'd thee to goodness?—Mustapha!

## SCENE VI.

EMIRA, MUSTAPHA.

MUSTAPHA.

Am I so blest once more to see thy face?  
Once more to press thee in my faithful arms?  
O transport even in death!

EMIRA.

EMIRA.

Death! guard me, love,  
Defend me, heaven, from that distracting thought!  
O most inhuman queen!—What! lose thee then?  
Thus lose thee—in thy flowering spring of life?  
With all thy honors green and fragrant on thee?

MUSTAPHA.

If I have right employ'd this scanty span,  
'Tis life's full measure: honor is old age.  
Were I not torn from thee, from thy lov'd bosom,  
To die is to be happy. Gracious heaven  
In mercy to mankind has made life short;  
Else wrongs and sufferings, our sure portion here,  
Would be supportless load!

EMIRA.

O heaven and earth!  
Shall ruffians, mercenary slaves, enur'd  
To murders, recent from the basest crimes,  
Attempt thy sacred life?

MUSTAPHA.

The cause alone  
For which we suffer makes death terrible.  
What can he more, with all his terrors arm'd,  
When we oppose fair virtue to his blow,  
But first enlarge the soul to liberty?

L 4

And



And then to bliss immortal? I will meet him,  
 'This foe of nature, with the same calm brow  
 I oft have seen and fought him thro the ranks  
 Of raging war—To spare a father's crime,  
 Would I had found him there!

EMIRA.

Are then my hopes  
 All fled for ever?—Have I liv'd to this?  
 O Mustapha—yet let me share thy fate:  
 Yes, perish with thee. From thy firmer heart  
 My weakness will draw strength, and meet the doom,  
 That must involve us both, serene and fearless.

MUSTAPHA.

Thou angel-virtue! this is death's sharp pang,  
 This tenderness that pains me into agony.  
 Thy lover and thy husband who should shield,  
 Should cover thee from every fear, alas!  
 Is trembling with thy softness!

EMIRA.

My lov'd lord!  
 Soul of my wishes! glory of my thoughts!  
 Your father—has he then renounc'd that name?  
 Cast from his heart humanity and honor?  
 Can it be possible?—Yet let me fly,

Assault.



Affault him, pierce him with my tears, and wake  
The god within his breast!

MUSTAPHA.

My gentle love,  
It will not be. The secret of our nuptials  
Untimely told, betray'd I know not how,  
Has fix'd my doom irrevocable.

EMIRA,

Oh!——

My lord! my life!

MUSTAPHA.

Why dost thou tremble? why  
With this convulsive ardor grasp my hand?

EMIRA.

Ah Mustapha——

MUSTAPHA.

What wouldst thou say? My hour  
Is hasting forward.

EMIRA.

Wouldst thou know—O horror!  
The cruel, killing foe, the deadly tongue  
That has undone thee?

MUSTAPHA.

So may heaven receive  
My parting soul, as anger and revenge,

As every passion is extinguish'd here——  
All but my love for thee.

EMIRA.

O grief of heart——  
When injur'd virtue not upbraids our crime,  
But pities, but forgives ; the bitter pang  
Our soul then feels is every death in one !  
Strike here, my lord.

MUSTAPHA.

Ha ! what ? My senses all  
Recoil to hear thee talk thus.

EMIRA.

Yet shew mercy :  
If you not loath me, strike. 'Twas I, O heaven !  
'Twas curst Emira's tongue proclaim'd thy secret.

MUSTAPHA.

Thou dearest ! thou unequal'd tenderness !  
Now am I most prepar'd to lay down life.  
My heart——I blush to think it could be base——  
Was listning to suspicions of some friend,  
Whose falsehood had undone us. Thou hast sav'd me  
From dying with that guilt upon my soul.

EMIRA.

Thy friends are innocent. Even Solyman,

Even

Even fatal Roxolana, both were friends.

To me——Emira was thy only foe.

MUSTAPHA.

Thy words distract me. I shall die a coward,

Forgetful of my name, unworthy thee.

It was the sweet excess of tenderest love,

Led thee to plead a daughter's sacred claim

In Solyman : and sure if aught on earth,

If human influence could have found his heart,

Thy tears, thy truth, thy charms, must have prevail'd.

EMIRA.

O spare me, Mustapha. Each piercing accent

Is a keen sword, and stabs into my heart.

Were I to live after this dear forgiveness,

What were it but to hear, each lingring hour,

Th' upbraiding voice of honor, virtue, duty,

Condemning, lashing my distracted soul

With their severest scorpions. No, Emira,

No farther thought of life——

MUSTAPHA.

Yes, you must live ;

Or see me die, the last of human race.

O if my fair renown thro life preserv'd,

And meant a brave example now in death,

Be dear to my Emira ; she will live

L 6

To

To plead my virtue's cause before a father :  
 And reconcile him to a son's just fame,  
 Who living honor'd, and who dying blest him.

EMIRA.

What says my lord ? For all the promis'd joys  
 Of paradise, I would not see his face :  
 Nor will I part from thee.

MUSTAPHA.

My hour is come !

I heard th' inexorable angel call !  
 His potent voice sounds awful in mine ear !  
 Emira !——Oh——farewel !

EMIRA.

Ha ! who are these ?

MUSTAPHA.

The ministers of fate. *Osman and mutes enter.*

EMIRA.

Ye blessed powers !

Save, shield me from their fight !

MUSTAPHA.

Alas—she faints !

O Zanger ! O my friend ! where now is he,  
 Whose hand should comfort and support my love ?  
 Look on her, heaven ! I leave her in thy care.

*The mutes make signs for him to retire.*

I come,

I come, my friends. A few tears will have way  
 At this eternal parting. Dear Emira!—  
 Osman, look here—and let my father know  
 What thou hast seen!—One kiss—Her cheek is cold—  
 One more—O bitter sweet!—And now the pangs  
 Of death are past. *Emira is carried off.*

OSMAN.

My wounded heart weeps blood

At this sad sight!

## SCENE VII.

SOLYMAN, OSMAN.

SOLYMAN.

Protect me, heaven!

OSMAN.

My lord?

SOLYMAN.

Osman, it vanish'd here!

OSMAN.

My gracious sovereign,

What moves you thus? What do your eyes pursue  
 With such transported gaze?

SOLYMAN.

If parted souls

Can



Can leave the midnight-caverns dark and damp,  
 Where sleeps their moldering dust, to walk on earth;  
 This very now the spectre of a man——  
 It bore the semblance of my buried father——  
 Stalk'd pale and terrible athwart my sight!  
 And glar'd a look of anger as it pass'd!

OSMAN.

Can this be possible?

SOLYMAN.

I saw it plain.

In my lone tent, deaf murmurs struck mine ear,  
 From airy voices whispering thro the gloom.  
 I listen'd : when at once a wave of flame  
 Burst, dimly flashing round me, and disclos'd  
 The hideous vision—Look, it bends this way—  
 Behold it, Osman!

OSMAN.

'Tis illusion all.

SOLYMAN.

O night of horrors!——Mustapha! thy fate,  
 Thy pangs are yet less terrible than mine!  
 Osman, I am most wretched——

OSMAN.

Hark! my lord,

What shouts! what furious outcries!

S C E N E

## S C E N E VIII.

SOLYMAN, OSMAN, RUSTAN.

SOLYMAN.

Rustan! ha—

Bleeding and pale!

RUSTAN.

Prince Zanger—

SOLYMAN.

What of him?

RUSTAN.

To save his brother—But my strength forsakes me—  
I die——

SOLYMAN.

Confusion!——raise him up——say on.

RUSTAN.

To save his brother, rous'd the sleeping camp—  
I threw myself, with all your gather'd slaves,  
To bar their passage——

SOLYMAN.

Is my son escap'd?

RUSTAN.

I faint—my heart pants thick—Too late I see  
Th' avenging hand of heaven!—too late I find,

All

All wickedness is misery!—But yet,  
 I will not die with unrepented guilt  
 Upon my parting spirit—Mustapha—  
 Prophet! forgive me—was most innocent :  
 And Roxolana—

SOLYMAN.

Slave!—thou dy'st too soon ;  
 And hast escap'd my justice—Roxolana—  
 Thou wouldst have said—is false as hell, or thee !

## S C E N E IX.

*Back scene opening discovers the mutes and soldiers in attitudes of grief round the body of Mustapha. They bring it forward.*

ZANGER, *entering.*

Alas! by brother—dead!—Look here, just heaven!  
 I could not save—but I can perish with thee.

*Stabs himself.*

SOLYMAN.

What hast thou done?—Wert thou too leagu'd against me?  
 Yet live : my heart forgives, and bids thee live.

ZANGER.

Not universal rule should bribe me now  
 Longer to breathe this tainted air—My lord—

By

By those soft tears of pity and remorse  
You shed o'er this sad scene—Support me, friends—  
To dying friendship grant this last request——  
Beneath one marble let us rest together ;  
In the same social tomb our human part  
Sleep safe, and undisturb'd——Now, Mustapha——  
Now, I am thine——for ever !

SOLYMAN.

O my sons !

Did ever age produce such god-like worth ?  
Such matchless friendship ?—Ah—what then am I—  
Their murderer !—Hide, O hide me from that thought !  
O let me plunge into profoundest night !  
Let her broad wing with ever-during shade  
Involve my memory ! lest fame should tell,  
Should publish to remotest time—I clos'd  
A life of glory—thus.

## S C E N E X.

*To them* ROXOLANA.

Ah—Zanger !

SOLYMAN.

Look !

See, forcerefs —woman, see—the curst effects  
Of thy dire arts !

Roxo-

ROXOLANA.

Recall not to my thought  
What I have done—O give me instant death!

SOLYMAN.

Death—were reward and mercy. Thou shalt live  
Whole years of hopeless anguish and despair,  
To prove the pangs, the heart-destroying horrors,  
Even all that love betray'd and chang'd to gall  
Can pour upon thee. Yes, we both shall live,  
Two demons, hourly to upbraid and curse  
Each other's crime—Ha! drag her from the corpse.  
She shall not breathe a sigh, or drop a tear,  
O'er my unhappy son—\* Hark! righteous heaven  
Rolls deep th' avenging thunder o'er our heads.

*\* here the thunder is heard.*

Justice divine! discharge it here—on me—

On her. It cannot err: we both are guilty.

*He throws himself by the body.*

OSMAN.

O dire example, known and felt too late,  
Of amorous weakness; and of woman's hate!  
O curs'd prerogative of boundless sway,  
That gives the deadly passions scope to play!  
Rage and revenge to coward-fear succeed:  
And worth must perish, tho a son should bleed.

*The End of the Fifth Act.*





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# EPILOGUE.

By a Friend.

Spoken by Mr. QUIN.

**W**ELL—for this once I'll undertake the part—  
But, would have been excus'd with all my heart.  
I come, good, Sirs, to speak an Epilogue;  
I doubt, not season'd to the taste in vogue:  
Nor was I made to simper, leer, and coax,  
And torture meanings into wanton jokes.  
Our author too avows himself unfit  
To write such strains as but dishonor wit.  
Yet this, with humble hope, he bids me say:  
If aught, less faulty, pleas'd you in his play;  
If noble passions bade your bosoms glow;  
If feeling pity taught a tear to flow;  
If, while he try'd to make fair virtue shine,  
You smil'd indulgent on the just design:  
'Twere mean, these bright impressions to efface,  
That dignify the mind which gives 'em place:

And

## EPILOGUE.

*And for the vain delight of some low jest,  
Disgust the wise, and pain the modest breast.  
Behold that circle of the listening fair,  
Their looks how open! how serene their air!  
May no rude blush invade one smiling face,  
That, safe from insult, they may veil no grace!  
Be yours henceforth to save them from alarms,  
And vindicate their violated charms.*



